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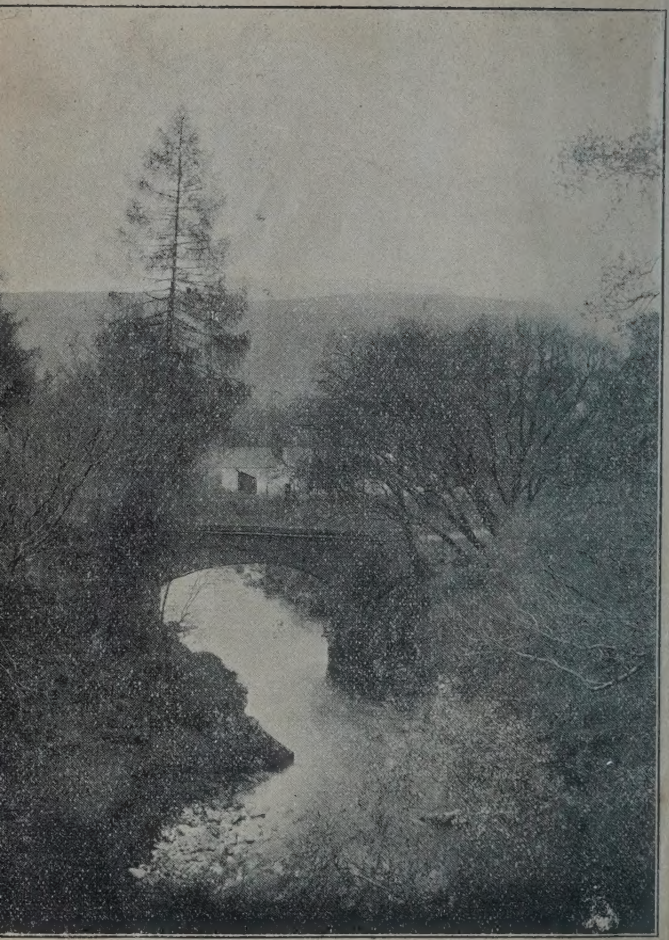

BRIDGE OF TARFF, FORT-AUGUSTUS. [Frontispiece

GLEN-ALBYN

OR TALES OF THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL
. . SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS . .

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INVERNESS COUNTY
RURAL LIBRARIES
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FORT-AUGUSTUS: PRINTED AT THE ABBEY PRESS

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FOREWORDS

An early writer, speaking of Fort-Augustus with its loch and Government galley, calls it "the most centrical point in the Highlands" or the "umbilicus" of the North. Geographically this description is no doubt tolerably accurate; but until recently this centrical spot has been completely severed from all the cords that bind to civilisation and the south, unless indeed we except the tourist steamers of a well-known Glasgow company, which ply up and down the Caledonian Canal for some two months in the summer, and which are popularly termed—not without a sense of humour—"the swuft boats." Within the last few years, however, this naval centre has been connected with the main arteries of traffic that run from London to Fort-William and Mallaig, on the extreme west coast of Inverness-shire, and as it is now becoming a favourite resort of holiday seeker, tourist and sportsman, this booklet is written to try to

enhance the pleasure of a visit to the district. In these pages it is in no way intended to enumerate all the spots of interest in the neighbourhood, much less to give a complete history of the Great Glen ; all that is aimed at is to jot down a few items in connection with the folk-lore, place-names, history, manners, customs and superstitions of the country, which may be worth the attention of the stranger and help to while away an idle hour. All description of scenery has studiously been avoided as containing a tacit insult to the reader, whom we may leave to judge with his own senses the beauties of the scene and nature's charms.

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CHAPTER I.

'TWIX SPEAN BRIDGE AND GAIRLOCHY.

THE West Highland Railway, we are told, passes through a country torn to tatters by inland lochs and arms of the sea—"the most amphibious country," as the Irishman put it, "ever seen with the naked eye." It is no less true that the branch line from Spean Bridge to Fort-Augustus runs through a district second to none in Scotland for the grandeur of its scenery, and teeming with sites redolent of historic and romantic interest.

Starting from Spean in the heart of Far Lochaber, the line passes through the lands of Keppoch Macdonalds, and skirting the territories of Loch Eil, traverses a part of the famous Glengarry country till it reaches in the ancient fortress of Fort-Augustus the extreme western outpost of the Lovat property, a territory wrangled over, fought for, and successively possessed by Macdonalds, Grants and Frasers, and now a favourite resort of health-seeker, fisher and sportsman.

Leaving Spean Bridge, where there is a good hotel with comfortable accommodation and excellent fishing, the line bends towards the north, crosses the bridge, and makes its way along the eastern bank of the river. Shortly after crossing the Bridge we see just on the opposite side of the river a curiously shaped hollow known as "Sloc an fhamhair," or the giant's hole. It is a large

pit hollowed out by one of the streams which dash down the hillside, and so deep that the sun hardly ever penetrates its inmost recesses. On one side of this cavern, corbelled out from the face of the overhanging cliff is a large rock resembling a huge bed. Tradition has it that this was the giant's resting place. Even Highland seanachies have been unable to trace the exact genealogy of this worthy; but if he belongs to that mythical race of beings so dear to the heart of the Highlander and of all primitive races, spirits of a more reliable nature have inhabited this cave within recent years.

Here it was that a limb of the law surprised a gang of smugglers engaged in illicit distilling. The guager (Anglicé exciseman) in question was accustomed to parade the country in full Highland costume with a great ash-plant in his hand, and on this night, full of his own importance, he stealthily made his way to the entrance of the cavern. But long before he reached the place, the smugglers' scouts had given the alarm, and as the intruder entered the "giant's hole" a sack was skilfully flung over his head, and for many a long day he had reason to regret that the kilt afforded such admirable facilities for administering condign punishment. The distillers rolled him into the burn, and he returned to his home a wetter and wiser man, cursing the wild caterans of Lochaber who in the nineteenth century paid so little regard to the laws of Queen Victoria. To this day he is ignorant of the names of his assailants.

On another occasion he was scarcely more successful. Having surprised the smugglers in their hut he found a puncheon of illicit whisky standing in the middle of the room. Not in the least taken aback, the distillers, knowing his convivial habits, suggested that they should pledge the new year in a bumper of their best spirits. Nothing loth, the guager accepted the proposal, but fearing some

"plant," took his seat upon the great cask of whisky. When an hour later he rolled off his throne to take possession of the prize, the faithless cask was dry—and the "barley bree" already far away and safe in hiding where the smugglers alone could find it. An unseen member of the band had secretly tapped the cask and drawn the spirit off through the wall of the hut while the ingenuous exciseman drank and made merry.

A few yards past the "giant's hole," but higher up the hill, lies a whitewashed keeper's house, nestling in a grove of Scotch firs. At the back of this house there is a deep pool in the soft peat moss, now partially filled in, but still known as "Poll nan con," the dogs' pool. Here it was that the last of the Macgregors, who had fled to Lochaber for safety and who were being tracked down by sleuth-hounds, threw their foes off the scent by drowning the dogs in this little loch.

The Clan Gregor, as is well known in Highland history, was for centuries persecuted by the Campbells, a name for ever odious in the Highlands. As early as the reign of David II., the Campbells managed to procure a legal title to the Macgregor territory. When the Macgregors, after the manner of simple mountaineers, defended their land with claymore and dirk, without regard to the quibbles of the law, their wily opponents obtained writs of the crown against them, so that, as Mr. Skene says, from 1502 "the history of the Macgregors consists of a mere list of acts of Privy Council by which commissions are granted to pursue the clan with fire and sword, and of various atrocities which a state of desperation, the natural result of these measures, as well as a deep spirit of vengeance against both the framers and the executors of them, frequently led the clan to commit." Finally they were completely proscribed, obliged under pain of death to change their name, forbidden to carry any

weapon save a knife without a point to cut their food, or to meet together in greater number than four at a time, and the execution of these commands was entrusted to their hereditary foes the Campbells. These laws remained in force till little more than a century ago, when they were repealed by the Parliament of 1784. In spite of all the efforts of their foes, strong bands of Macgregors held out in the high mountains and rocky fastnesses, and were able to muster a considerable force both in 1715 and 1745. Many are the tales of generosity and courage on the part of the persecuted people, and all through they show to far greater advantage than their treacherous and cunning enemies.

One well-known tale which brings the Macgregors before us in a very honourable light may be worth recording here. The son of Macgregor of Glen Strae out hunting one day fell in with the young laird of Lamont and a companion travelling towards Inverlochy. They passed the day together and in the evening sat down to dinner. During the course of the meal a quarrel arose, dirks were drawn, and young Macgregor was slain. Lamont at once leapt out of the room and fled, closely pursued by some of the slain man's retainers. Fleet of foot he outstripped his foes, and by chance ran for protection to the very house of Glen Strae where young Macgregor's father dwelt. Without stating whom he had slain, Lamont implored Glen Strae's assistance. At once the old chief passed his word to protect him as far as in him lay. Almost directly after up rushed the members of the clan in hot pursuit, and angrily cried out for the murderer to be delivered up to them in atonement for the blood he had shed. But the brave old chief on learning whom he had captured, cried out, " Not a hair of his head shall be touched while he is under my roof-tree. Glen Strae has pledged his honour, and never shall it be said

that a Macgregor went back on his word." Later the chief himself secretly escorted the youth out of the Macgregor country to his own land, and bidding him farewell said, "Lamont, you are now safe upon your own ground. I cannot and will not protect you further. Keep away from my people, and may God forgive you for what you have done!" Lamont was not ungrateful, and shortly afterwards when Glen Strae with his family was proscribed, destitute, and a wanderer, the young man received them into his house and for a time protected them from their enemies. But the Philistines were too strong, and the honest old chief was treacherously "done to death" by Argyle, and hanged at the Market Cross in Edinburgh.

The little band who had fled to Lochaber, and who had for a time eluded pursuit by drowning the dogs as we said above, lived in a cave at the back of Tir na Dris, about a mile from Spean Bridge. They were finally hunted down by their relentless foes, and a clump of trees marks the spot where the three made their last gallant stand. Some years ago a gentleman of the district, anxious to prove the truth of the tradition, dug up the grave and found the three skeletons. He then removed them to the banks of the burn on the east side of Tir na Dris, about a hundred yards below where the bridge on the high road crosses the stream. Three fir trees—the badge of the clan—mark the spot where they now lie buried.

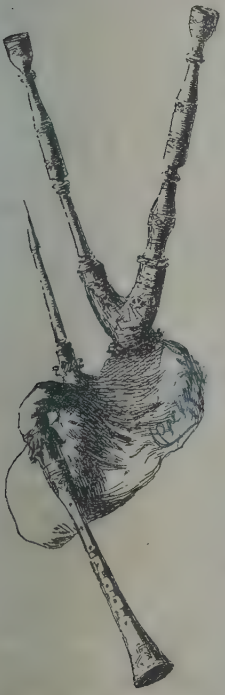
As the train swings round the next corner of the run we catch a glimpse of High Bridge, which spans the river with a graceful arch. It connects the section of the old military road between Fort-Augustus and Blackletter with that which runs on to Fort-William, and a tablet in the centre of the arch commemorates its completion by Marshal Wade in 1736. This bridge is one of the forty

that the famous General built during the construction of the two hundred miles of road that traverse the country from Dunkeld to Fort-William. It is perhaps one of the most notable of all his bridges, rising as it does to a height of almost one hundred feet above the stream beneath—a remarkable achievement for the times and circumstances under which it was accomplished. The Spean, which in summer seems little more than a mountain stream, when swollen by winter rains boils and roars beneath the bridge, flinging tongues of foam far up on to the masonry and enveloping the whole in a cloud of spray,

It was here that an exciting incident took place in 1745, which had much to do with the rising of the loyal clans for Prince Charlie, and the Prince's subsequent adventures. Charles Edward Stuart had landed on the west coast some time before, with the intention of winning back for himself and his descendants the kingdom from which he had been ousted by the Hanoverians. But the enterprise hung fire; many of those favourably inclined towards the expedition deeming the preparations inadequate and the time inopportune. The following incident decided the wavering chiefs and brought on a general rising of the clans. The matter may perhaps be best described in the words of Robert Chambers, the historian of the '45:

"The governor of Fort-Augustus (a military post, at the distance of forty or fifty miles from Charles's landing-place) concluding, from reports he heard, that the Moidart people were hatching some mischief, thought proper, on the 16th of August, to dispatch two companies of the Scots Royals to Fort-William, as a reinforcement to awe that rebellious district. The distance between the two forts is twenty-eight miles, and the road runs chiefly along the edge of a mountain, which forms one side of the Great Glen, having the sheer height of the hill on one

side, and the long narrow lakes, out of which the Caledonian Canal has since been formed, on the other. The men were newly raised, and, besides being inexperienced in military affairs, were unused to the alarming circumstances of an expedition in the Highlands. When they had travelled twenty out of the eight-and-twenty miles, and were approaching High Bridge, a lofty arch over a mountain torrent, they were surprised to hear the sound of a bagpipe, and to discover the appearance of a large party of Highlanders, who were already in possession of the Bridge. The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve Macdonalds of Keppoch's clan; but by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their plaids between each other, they contrived to make a very formidable appearance. Capt. (afterwards General) Scott, who commanded the two companies, ordered an immediate halt, and sent forward a sergeant with his own servant to reconnoitre. These two persons no sooner approached the bridge, than two nimble Highlanders darted out and seized them. Ignorant of the number of the Highlanders, and knowing he was in a disaffected part of the country, Captain Scott thought it would be better to retreat than enter into hostilities. Accordingly, he ordered his men to face about, and march back again. The Highlanders



did not follow immediately, lest they should expose the smallness of their number, but permitted the soldiers to get two miles away (the ground being so far plain and open) before leaving the post. As soon as the retreating party had passed the west end of Loch Lochy, and were entering upon the narrow road between the lake and the hill, out darted the mountaineers, and ascending the rocky precipices above the road, where there was shelter from both bush and stone, began to fire down upon the soldiers, who only retreated with the greater expedition.

"The party of Macdonalds who attempted this daring exploit was commanded by Macdonald of Tiendrish, who, having early observed the march of the soldiers, had sent expresses to Locheil and Keppoch, whose houses were only a few miles distant on both sides of High Bridge, for supplies of men. They did not arrive in time, but he resolved to attack the party with the few men he had; and he had thus far succeeded, when the noise of his pieces causing friends in all quarters to fly to arms, he now found himself at the head of a party almost sufficient to encounter the two companies in the open field."

When Captain Scott reached the east end of Loch Lochy, wishing to avoid the little village of Laggan Achadrum, where knots of Highlanders had gathered, and who, he was afraid, might dispute his passage, he turned aside from the road, crossed the neck of land between Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, and forming his men into a square, made towards Invergarry—the seat of M'Donell of Glengarry—intending to take possession of the castle. This move only increased his difficulties. By this time Keppoch, who had overtaken him by a rapid march across the hill, swept down upon the right flank of the troop, while a small band of Kennedys from Glengarry appeared in front and barred the way. At once the Highlanders began a vigorous attack, whilst the soldiers, cowed and

dispirited, scarcely dared to offer any resistance. By the first volley four of the military were killed and several wounded, including Captain Scott himself, who received a bullet in the shoulder. Then Keppoch, anxious to avoid further bloodshed, came forward sword in hand and called upon the Captain to surrender, pointing out that now the blood of the clansmen was up, and any further resistance would be a signal for the force to be cut in pieces. The soldiers had no alternative but to lay down their arms, and scarcely had they done so when Locheil arrived with a body of Camerons from another quarter, and it was agreed to send the prisoners that night to his residence at Achnacarry. This affair decided those chiefs who were wavering. Keppoch sent Captain Scott's charger to the Prince in Moidart, and a week later the standard was raised amidst great rejoicing at Glen Finnan.

It may be worth stating for the benefit of southron tourists who look upon the Highlanders of that time as uncivilized barbarians that Scott was treated by Locheil more as a brother than a prisoner, and when the governor of Fort-William refused to send a doctor to attend him, Captain Scott was released upon parole and escorted to Fort-William. It is gratifying to be able to relate that the gallant Captain was one of the very few English soldiers who kept their parole. A man who acted with honour and bravery throughout, very different from the swashbuckler type of which Cumberland's subduing force of 1746 was so generally composed.

Donald Macdonald, Tir na Dris, the hero of this opening encounter of the '45 at High Bridge, seems to have been an exceptionally loveable character. "A brave, undaunted, honest man, of a good countenance and of a strong and robust make," and, as is well known, he is supposed to be the person Sir Walter Scott had in his mind when drawing the character of Fergus M'Ivor

in "Waverley." In later life his daughter Mary, when living at Bath with the Countess of Dundonald, used frequently to meet General Scott, who always asseverated that it was her father who saved his life. It may be noted that the predecessor of the present Duke of Portland, who so frequently passes the scene of the encounter on his way to fish at Invergarry, was a lineal descendant of General Scott.

It is singular to note that this great stone bridge raised by Wade and his sturdy soldiers, which has stood the invasion of armies and the wear and tear of well nigh two centuries, has succumbed within the last few years to a simple amusement on the part of children going to school. The winter rains flowing down the straight stretch of road leading on to the bridge invited an engineering experiment. The side drain was blocked in order to see how high the water would run between the parapets of the bridge. Subsequent frosts burst the masonry asunder, and one arch has already crumbled away beyond repair.

After passing the Bridge we see for a moment, perched on the hill behind, the little white stage-house, now a crofter's cottage. It was one of the houses built by General Wade at regular distances all along his roads, to provide refreshment for travellers. The connection between fresh water and good and evil spirits is well known and this superstition seems to have been exceptionally prevalent amongst the Celts; witness the Holy Wells so plentiful in the Highlands, Wales and Ireland. Water poured over a large crystal, kept for the purpose, used to free cattle from many ills. The Bible on which Robert Burns and Highland Mary plighted their troth, with hands dipped in the stream, the book held between them, one standing on either bank of the Faillie burn, is still preserved, and the sprawling inscription of the poet may yet be seen on the fly-leaf. To this day many a Highlander who feels unwell and out of sorts and is manifestly beset by the devil, will tell us that he obtains instant relief by crossing a running stream, the evil spirit being unable to cross a flowing brook.

Doubtless it was to a reluctance on the part of evil spirits to cross the river that the late Glengarry—a famous character—attributed his good fortune, when after a long, strong "deoch and doruis," or stirrup-cup at the High Bridge change house, he leapt on to the box of his coach and put the horses at a gallop down the hill, only to be neatly capsized on a green hillock some hundred yards from the doorstep. Ten yards further and the coach with all its inmates must infallibly have been dashed to pieces on the rocks of the river bed, and the last chief of a noted Highland clan would not have survived to meet his end in a gallant attempt to succour a lady in distress.

We now enter the Dochanassie district, belonging to a sept of Camerons famous for their fighting qualities

even amongst that warrior clan. Who ever asked a Highlander or an Irishman for a fight and was disappointed? When they were not engaged in wars with external enemies the clans would fight amongst themselves, and when even this source of amusement failed them the families would quarrel with one another just to keep their hand in. Fairs and funerals were the recognised occasions for these brawls. In the "Origines Parochiales" we read that James VII. in 1685 granted the patronage of the church of Kilmonivaig to the Duke of Gordon, and included the rights of a yearly fair, called the "ruid fair," to be held in this township on the 2nd of September. This was in the days before the greed of landlords had swept the hardy Highlanders from their hills, to seek a fortune beyond the seas, and the barren moorland above and below the railway was covered with the houses of a strong and healthy people. For service at fairs and funerals in time of peace the Camerons had a harmless (?) weapon known to this day as the "Dochanassie stick." It was a short, thick oak bludgeon, with a heavy head, much like the Irish shillalah of to-day, and many are the stories told of heavy blows given in these encounters. The approved length recommended by a famous bruiser was three fist-widths of a stick with a heavy head, and in house fights, where the room was low, they were advised to grip the "dochy" in the middle. "There were giants upon the earth in those days," or else the rooms were small. Perhaps both. A man yet living remembers "the houses that took three days to build and twenty persons would gather round the fire by night, and there was not a candle between this and Inverness." Slips of fir logs dug out from the peat mosses, where forests had been submerged in primeval times, took the place of the tallow dip and oil lamp of to-day. To this district belongs Alexander Anton Cameron,

the world-famed athlete of to-day ; probably the strongest natural man alive at the present time : those who take an interest in such things will remember that the records of Dinnie, Fleming, Davidson, and Macrae have all fallen before him, and now he stands unchallenged as the best all-round athletic living. When a mere tyro, without experience in wrestling, Lurich, the conqueror of Hackenschmidt, was quite unable to place him on his two broad shoulders, and if he were yet to enter the lists in this form of single combat few would care to pit themselves against him. Standing over six feet in height, with a chest measurement of fifty-two inches, Cameron weighs seventeen stone, yet his well-proportioned frame possesses all that agility and lightness of foot characteristic of the Highlander. He is an excellent sprinter, can cover at a broad jump some twenty feet, while at a standing high leap he has been known to clear five feet all but an inch —truly a phenomenal performance for a man scaling seventeen stone in weight.

Just before we reach Gairlochy station there stands on the hill above us a conical-shaped mound called "Tom a Bhrataich," or mound of the standard. It rises on the ridge between two gentle swells where the mountain chain dividing Glen Spean from the Great Glen of Albyn sinks down to the junction of the Spean and Lochy rivers, and in which some worthy, by a wild flight of imagination, saw a resemblance to the bovine face, hence named "Stron a ba," or the cow's nose. This mound of the standard, though little more than a molehill, is conspicuous from its situation and peculiar shape, and shows out far up the Great Glen towards Fort-Augustus. It is one of a chain of beacons which girt the country from east to west, and which, in days before the telegraph, was wont to alarm the country in any sudden rising of the clans or when danger threatened from external foe.

From Craig Phadruig by Inverness the news was flung from side to side of the great valley through the line of vitrified forts—the source of so much discussion in antiquarian circles—until it reached Kytra by Fort-Augustus, whence this mound of the standard took up the tale and flashed it on far across the great flat moss which stretches to the foot of Ben Nevis. Here again a vitrified fort received the news and sent on the warning message to alarm the west coast.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BANKS OF LOCH LOCHY.

WHEN the Caledonian Canal was formed in 1822 the course of the Lochy river was altered for some few hundred yards, the original river-bed being utilised in the formation of the canal. In its new course the Lochy tumbles into the Spean over a high fall which prevents salmon getting into the loch and higher reaches of the river. An attempt has been made to encourage the fish to ascend by means of a rude ladder, but so far efforts in this direction have not been crowned with great success. A well-planned salmon ladder would add enormously to the possibilities of Loch Lochy as a fishing lake, and enhance the value of a large stretch of river as angling water. We may mention that ancient documents speak of these upper reaches, which to-day are practically worthless, as affording most excellent salmon fishing. It is curious to notice, as marking a changed order of affairs, that in 1841, James, the first Lord Abinger, obtained from Government for the sum of £600 a charter for the salmon rights of all the waters in the lordship of Lochaber. To-day the *yearly* rental obtained for these fishings is close on £3000, or nearly five times the original purchase price.

In the angle formed by the junction of the Spean and the Lochy stands the parish church of Kilmonivaig. To

this church of old was attached the right of sanctuary, for whatever that privilege may have been worth in this wild and lawless district. A very ancient document curiously enough bears witness to the populous state of this part of the country in bygone times, and throws a sidelight on the manners and customs of the inhabitants; though the quaint phraseology leaves us in some doubt as

JUNCTION OF THE SPEAN AND LOCHY WATERS.

to whether the houses and inhabitants, or the wine, the ale, or the hazel nuts had their abode in the chapel, and seems to hint at wild orgies in the house of God. "There is a small town where a chappel was built of old . . . wherein the oldest men declare they did see in this chappel many houses and inhabitants of that town selling wine, ail, and aqua vitæ—the Scots quart of wine for 18 pennies Scots, a quart of ail, a quart of hazell nuts, and a quart oatmeal for three pennies Scots, and that this place was a sanctuarie among the country people."

The different values of coins and standards of measures was a continual source of bewilderment to the casual

English visitor to Scottish soil. The pound Scots was only worth a few pence, whilst the Scottish pint held as much as a moderate sized bucket. An incensed English lackey said to his Scottish brother, "Out upon your master; he gave me a pound tip and I am but a penny the richer!" "That may be," dolefully replied the Scotsman—who dearly lo'ed his whiskey, O—"but my curse upon the country that invented the small pint stoup!"

In our modern days of money and materialism it is the custom to deny all belief in ghosts, spirits, second-sight or miracles, and to scoff at any interference in material things by beings of an unseen world. But the spirit of superstition still lingers amidst the Highland hills, and well authenticated instances of second sight, if not so frequent now as formerly, are still far from uncommon throughout the north and west. Some hundred years ago the faculty of second-sight was so well known that we find the authorities in Rome ordering an enquiry into the matter on the part of the Catholic bishops of this country. One bishop wrote a full account to Rome, proving beyond doubt the existence of this power and the frequency of its display, and pointing out that this singular gift seemed to run in families, the Macdonalds of Morar, for example, possessing it in a particularly marked degree. The worthy bishop had also a theory to explain this singular phenomenon, but as he was not asked for any explanation he kept it to himself and it has been lost to posterity. This was, of course, long before the Psychical Research Society appeared upon the scene, with its cryptomnesia, hyperpromethia, glossolaly, dynamogeny, phantasmogenetic centres, psychorragic diathesis and a whole host of other lucid terms to supply a simple explanation of well-known facts. In those good old days the mantle of the Highlander seems sometimes even to

have descended on the outsider, and an interesting case of second-sight occurred in this district, the broad facts of which we may give here, leaving the explanation to individual opinion. In the early decades of last century a certain Protestant landed proprietor, who in his youth had led a wild life, was smitten with remorse and became a most enterprising revivalist—a brand snatched from the burning—and having settled in this district, he used to preach up and down the country to those still sitting in the shadow of sin and death. His discourses were seasoned with many astonishing, if not altogether edifying, experiences of his own early life. One evening the worthy revivalist happened to pass the little country inn, and was attracted by an unwonted glare from the kitchen window. A few minutes later he was seen returning to the window with a friend, murmuring in deep, earnest tones: "The finest vision ever you saw; three fairies from heaven in diaphanous drapery sporting themselves by the fire. Step quietly, man, lest you disturb them and they wing their way back to the skies." His friend peeped through a chink in the blinds, and to his horror recognised his own wife and two lady friends, who had been caught in a thunderstorm, drying their "shifts" at the fire. The apparition passed, but the nymphs did not fly back to heaven. Some say that the honest revivalist knew better, and was speaking with his tongue in his cheek. But these manifestly are children of Belial who know not the workings of the Highland mind nor the ways of the Lord's anointed.

As the train steams out of the station we get a glimpse of the ford in the Lochy where the whole of Prince Charlie's little force crossed the river on its way to meet the Government troops under Sir John Cope at the top of Corriearrick at the opening of the campaign in 1745. The following year, after Culloden had been fought and

lost and the Prince had successfully remained hidden from his enemies for close on five months, he crossed this same river under very different circumstances, when on his way with a few faithful companions to get on board the vessel which was to carry him to France. The story may best be told in the quaint language of Donald Macpherson, given in the "Lyon in Mourning," a MS. in the Advocates' Library:

"As they approached towards Locheil's seat, Auchnacarry, they came to the river Lochy at night, being fine moonshine. The difficulty was how to get over. Upon this Clunes Cameron met them on the water-side, at whom Locheil asked how they would get over the river. He said 'Very well: for I have an old boat carried from Loch Arkaig, that the enemy left unburnt of all the boats you had, Locheil.' Locheil asked to see the boat. Upon seeing it, he said, 'I am afraid we will not be safe with it.' Quoth Clunes, 'I shall cross first, and show you the way.' The matter was agreed upon. Clunes, upon reflection, said, 'I have six bottles of brandy, and I believe all of you would be the better of a dram.' This brandy was brought from Fort-Augustus, where the enemy lay in garrison, about nine miles from that part of Lochy where they were about to cross. Locheil went to the Prince, and said, 'Will your Royal Highness take a dram?' 'Oh,' said the Prince, 'can you have a dram here?' 'Yes,' replied Locheil, 'and that from Fort-Augustus, too;' which pleased the Prince much, that he should have provisions from his enemies. He said, 'Come, let us have it.' Upon this three of the bottles were drunk. Then they passed the river Lochy by three crossings: Clunes Cameron in the first with so many; then the Prince in the second with so many; and in the last Locheil with so many. In the third and last ferrying, the crazy boat leaked so much, that there would be four

or five pints of water in the bottom, and in hurrying over, the three remaining bottles of brandy were all broke. When the Prince called for a dram, he was told that the bottles were broke, and that the common fellows had drunk all that was in the bottom of the boat, as being good punch, which had made the fellows so merry, that they made great diversion to the company as they marched along."

A few days later Prince Charlie, amidst the tears of his followers who had sacrificed everything for their loyalty to the Stuart cause, embarked on a small vessel and escaped in safety to the French coast.

Away beyond the pool where this incident occurred, a little further west on the opposite side of the Great Glen, stands the little farm of Moy. It was here that Dundee paraded his army before marching to Killiecrankie. Macaulay's famous description of this gathering of the clans is too well known to bear quotation here. Still further down the glen is the farm of Erracht, famous as being once the residence of Colonel Alan Cameron, who raised the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. The raising of this regiment is a most singular instance of the martial ardour of the Highlanders and of the strength of the old clan spirit which caused the natives of Lochaber to rally round their leader. Letters of service were granted to Colonel Cameron in 1793, and no bounty was granted as in the case of other regiments raised in this way, the men being recruited solely at the expense of the officers, yet within six months the regiment was 1000 strong. Two years later, after suffering severely in the ill-fated campaign In Flanders, an impolitic attempt was made to disband the regiment, drafting the men into four other regiments. But the German commander-in-chief, who understood neither the spirit of the Highlanders nor the character of old Erracht, had reckoned without his

A WARRIOR OF THE '45.

host. Colonel Cameron demanded an interview, and plainly told the Royal Duke: "To draft the 79th is more than you or your Royal father dare do." The Duke

replied: "The King my father will certainly send the regiment to the West Indies." Colonel Cameron, losing his temper, said: "You may tell the King your father from me that he may send us to hell if he likes, and I will go at the head of them, but *he daurna draft us.*" The fiery Highlander had his way, and the 79th entered upon a career which for loyalty, gallantry and brilliance of achievement has perhaps never been surpassed by any regiment in the service. Some two years later, when the regiment had been almost decimated by the unhealthy climate of the West Indies, it was once more in danger of being drafted, but old Erracht returned to Lochaber and in a few weeks raised a fresh body of 780 men.

Bungling seems early to have been the leading characteristic of the War Office, though, unfortunately, there has not always been a Colonel Cameron at hand to bring it to its senses. A few years later a plan was in contemplation by which the Camerons were to be deprived of the kilt and clad instead in tartan trews. Before putting the order into execution, Erracht was asked to state his *private* opinion as to the expediency of the change. He replied in four vigorous and pithy sentences which need not be given here. Suffice it to say that the gallant Colonel had his way, and the ancient proverb anent the Highlander and his national dress is still verified as regards the 79th, "Ye canna tak' the breeks aff a Hielandman."

Rounding the next corner we traverse a barren moss and see below us the village of Gairlochy, with its little whitewashed inn rejoicing in the name of the "Teapot." Why so named is not conspicuously clear. It lies in the old bed of the river Lochy, which was diverted from its course during the construction of the Canal. It was in this neighbourhood that the incident is supposed to have occurred attributed by Crockett in his "Lochinvar" to

To face p. 23. IN THE HEART OF GLEN ALBYN.

Coll of Keppoch. A storm-stayed traveller having sought refuge in one of these huts from the fury of the elements was refused admittance. In desperation he cried out, "Is there no Christian here who will grant me one night's shelter?" "Na, na, we are a' Camerons," was the prompt reply, and he had to seek a haven elsewhere.

Looking back from this point we get a good view of Ben Nevis. It is often a puzzle for the stranger to distinguish this loftiest of Scottish peaks from the great mountains which surround it. On the Irishman's method of singling out the bull from the herd of cows lying down in a field, we may note that the hill which to the perfervid Celtic imagination is supposed to resemble a recumbent mummy with knees slightly drawn up, is not Ben Nevis; but the summit standing out against the sky just beyond it is the site of the famous observatory and the highest hill in Britain. The top of the mountain is as a rule capped with mist, but on a clear day the observatory buildings can easily be seen on the sky line between the two highest of the three peaks which rise like turrets above the steep hill face.

In a few moments the train is bowling along Loch Lochy side. On the opposite shore, embosomed amid a grove of splendid trees and lying back a little from the deep bay, we see Achnacarry Castle, the seat of Locheil, the chief of the Cameron Clan.

The origin of the Camerons, like that of many other Highland clans, is buried in obscurity, but the names of Sir Ewen, Donald Cameron, junior—the Gentle Locheil of the '45—and Dr. Cameron, would alone be sufficient to render the sept famous; while the authentic records of the clan throw much light upon the manners and customs of the Highlands in early times. We find one of the first chiefs engaged in thirty-five battles before he was thirty-two. But this was too hot to last, even in the

Highlands, and he did not live to complete his thirty-third year.

The military genius of Sir Ewen, who soon after succeeded to the chiefship, must have singled him out for distinction in any age or country. At a time when the Royalist army and every other chief had surrendered to the Roundheads, alone at the head of a small band of his followers Sir Ewen defied all the might of the Commonwealth and of General Monk, Cromwell's right-hand man. Threat, entreaty, bribe, were all tried in vain, and as a last resource Monk established a garrison at Inverlochy, now Fort-William, in the heart of the disaffected country.

Nothing dismayed, Sir Ewen set himself down in the close neighbourhood to await developments. They were not long in coming. He was so successful in harassing the Government troops and defeated them so often that Monk was compelled to grant him honourable terms of peace. It is significant that the acceptance of this truce was only obtained from Locheil by an appeal to his higher nature. In the course of the numerous conflicts between the Highlanders and the English, a mutual regard had sprung up between the officers and Sir Ewen. This soon passed into friendship and out of pity and respect Locheil accepted the terms of peace, full indemnity being granted to himself and his clan for all losses occasioned by the conflict. A full account of his exploits would here be out of place. They may be read in "Pennant's Tour in Scotland" of 1769. But one well-known instance may be quoted as an example of his versatility.

"Five days after their arrival at Inverlochy, the Governor dispatched 300 of his men on board of two vessels which were to sail westward a little, and to anchor on each side of the shore near Achdalew. Locheil heard their design was to cut down his trees and carry away his cattle, and was determined if possible to make them pay

well for every tree and every hide; favoured by the woods, he came pretty close to the shore, where he saw their motions so perfectly that he counted them as they came out of the ship, and found the number of the armed exceeded 140, besides a number of workmen with axes and other instruments.

"Having fully satisfied himself, he returned to his friends, and asked their opinion. The younger part of them were keen for attacking; but the older and the more experienced remonstrated against it, as a most rash and hazardous enterprise. Locheil then enquired of two of the party who had served for some time under Montrose if ever they saw him engage on so disadvantageous terms; they declared they never did. He, however, animated by the ardor of youth, or prompted by emulation (for Montrose was always in his mouth), insisted in a short but spirited harangue, that if his people had any regard for their King or their Chief, or any principle of honor, the English should be attacked: 'for,' says he, 'if every man kills his man, which I hope you will do, I will answer for the rest.' Upon this, none of his party made further opposition, but begged that he and his brother Allan should stand at a distance from the danger. Locheil could not hear with patience the proposal with regard to himself, but commanded that his brother Allan should be bound to a tree, and that a little boy should be left to attend him; but he soon flattered or threatened the boy to disengage him, and ran to the conflict.

"The Camerons being some more than thirty in number, armed partly with musquets, and partly with bows, kept up their pieces and arrows till their very muzzles and points almost touched their enemies' breasts, when the very first fire took down about thirty. They then laid on with their swords, and laid about with incredible fury. The English defended themselves with

their musquets and bayonets with great bravery, but to little purpose. The skirmish continued long, and obstinate: at last the English give way, and retreated towards the ship, with their faces to the enemy, fighting with astonishing resolution. But Locheil, to prevent their flight, commanded two or three of his men to run before, and from behind a bush to make a noise, as if there was another party of Highlanders to intercept their retreat. This took so effectually, that they stopped, and animated by rage, madness and despair, they renewed the skirmish with greater fury than ever, and wanted nothing but proper arms to make Locheil repent of his stratagem. They were at last, however, forced to give way, and betake themselves to their heels; the Camerons pursued them chin deep in the sea; 138 were counted dead of the English, and of the Camerons only five were killed.

"In this engagement Locheil himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Locheil pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leaped out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Locheil exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tript the sword out of his hand: upon which, his antagonist flew upon him with amazing rapidity; they closed, and wrestled till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Locheil, and presse[illegible] him hard; but stretching forth his neck by attempting to disengage himself, Locheil, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grip, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he

A Highland Shepherd.

[To face p. 26.

said was the *sweetest bite he ever had in his life time.* Immediately afterwards, when continuing the pursuit after that encounter was over, he found his men chin deep in the sea; he quickly followed them and, observing a fellow on deck aiming his piece at him, plunged into the sea and escaped, but so narrowly that the hair on the back part of his head was cut, and a little of the skin ruffled. In a little while a similar attempt was made to shoot him: his foster-brother threw himself before him, and received the shot in his mouth and breast, preferring his Chief's life to his own."

It is said that some years later when Sir Ewen was paying a visit to London he went into a barber's shop to be shaved. In the course of conversation the barber said, "I see, sir, you come from the north." "Yes," answered Locheil, "I do. Have you any friends in the north?" "No," bitterly replied the barber, "nor do I wish to; they are all savages up there. Would you believe it, one of them tore my father's throat out with his teeth! I only wish I had the scoundrel's throat as near me as I have yours just now!" Sir Ewen, not in the least disconcerted, sympathised with the fellow, but did not go back to the same shop again to be shaved.

On another occasion, with only one hundred and fifty men, he cut off and almost annihilated a force of some five hundred from the garrison who had come out to gather firewood, not a single officer escaping. Almost the last appearance of Sir Ewen in a military capacity was at Killiecrankie; but after the fall of Dundee, in disgust at the petty jealousies and ignorance of warfare displayed by the leaders, he returned to Achnacarry, leaving the clan under the command of his son.

Hard by the present mansion house stand the ruins of the former castle burnt by Cumberland on the 28th May, 1746. The marks of the camp fires where the

soldiers boiled their kettles are still to be seen on the stems of the fine avenue of plane trees leading towards the castle.

LOCH LOCHY FROM THE EAST.

No man sacrificed more domestic comfort through loyalty to the Stuart cause than Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel, who led the clan in 1745. No man had clearer views of the result. On hearing that Prince Charlie had landed at Borrodale he hastened in person to dissuade him from the attempt. On the way he passed his brother's house at Fassifern. Having stated the object of his journey, his brother implored him to express his views by letter, for, he added, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do anything he pleases."

The event proved the wisdom of his judgment. The Prince taunted Locheil with cowardice, and stung by his reproach, in the enthusiasm of the moment the chief exclaimed, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." With these words he hurried away to raise the clan. Had Locheil persisted in his refusal to raise the clan, says Home, no other chief would have joined the standard and the spark of rebellion must have been instantly extinguished. Badly wounded at Culloden, Locheil lurked for six months in the Highlands, sharing

in the famous "cage" on Benalder side, the fortunes of his Prince and Macpherson of Cluny; finally he escaped to France and died in exile.

The forfeited estates were restored in 1806. During that period the clan paid the usual rent to the Government and also contributed to maintain their chief and his family abroad. When the family returned the tenants clubbed together and from their holdings re-stocked Achnacarry.

Not far from the present house is a row of fine trees, but planted in defiance of all approved laws of forestry, even the German. The story of these trees is as follows. Locheil was engaged in planting and beautifying his grounds at the time the news came of the landing of Prince Charlie. When he raised the clan, as told above, the seedlings were hastily placed in a trench with the intention of being taken out and planted in their proper places when the chief returned from the war. Of course Locheil never came back, and the seedlings remained in the trench to grow into the row of stately trees we see to-day.

Leading up towards Achnacarry from the loch is a stretch of road known as the dark mile, from the fact of its being so densely shaded by the great plane trees that rise on either side, flinging their leafy boughs across the road that even on the brightest summer day scarce a ray of sunshine falls on the road beneath. Winter storms have now considerably thinned the trees, but a little past the milestone about the centre of the avenue there still stands "Prince Charlie's Tree." Tradition has it that hidden in the hollow trunk the Prince, from the round hole facing the west, took stock of Cumberland's troops as they passed in quest of him. From the hundreds of initials cut on the trunk we may judge that Jacobite sympathisers still linger in the north, and that the British

tourist may be recognised not merely by tracing figures with his walking stick in the dust but also by inscribing his name on every available monument.

Straight behind the tree there rises a steep and rugged hill, and amongst the grey rocks at the top may still be seen the cave in which Prince Charlie found shelter during his wanderings after Culloden.

A little below where the river flows out of Loch Arkaig the beautiful falls of Kaig are well worth the attention of one who visits this neighbourhood. The loch itself reaches back some ten miles into the very heart of the great rampart of mountains that girdles the west coast of Scotland. The loch has an interest of its own independent altogether of its scenic splendour and the glamour of romance. On the 8th May, 1746, two French vessels carrying seven barrels of gold—37,000 louis d'or—from the King of France, to assist the ill-fated expedition of Prince Charlie, touched at Borrodale. After landing the money the sailors heard of the desperate condition of the enterprise—Culloden had been fought some three weeks previously—and demanded the restoration of the money. They might have known the Highlanders better. They even landed a party in search of the seven barrels, but all in vain, and two English vessels appearing on the coast they had to forsake their quest and fight their way to the open sea. The treasure was then carried to the head of Loch Arkaig, where a council of war was held. With the English soldiers scouring the country far and wide it was impossible to carry the gold from place to place, so enough having been removed to relieve immediate wants, the rest was buried part in the little river that runs in at the head of Loch Arkaig and the rest near the lower end of the same lake. Later the treasure was dug up again and re-buried, and later searches failed to discover the place of concealment. A very considerable

portion of the 37,000 louis d'or has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for. We have it on good authority that a gentleman of the country—who must for the present be nameless—did discover some at least of the long lost treasure, but it is more than possible that a rich find yet remains for the enterprising and intelligent seeker.

A little rise in the foreground now hides Achnacarry from our view, and in a few moments we cross the lattice steel girder bridge across the Gloy. Few who have not lived in the Highlands could conceive the force of this harmless streamlet, which flows below, when swollen by winter rains. So suddenly does the water rise that not long ago a large number of sheep and the best part of a little herd of cattle grazing on its banks were surprised and swept into the loch. Before the days of roads and bridges perils of this sort by water formed an important item in the daily life of the Highlanders.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF BEN TIGH.

QUITTING the little siding we see below us the fine mansion-house of Invergloy, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Lochy, and straight opposite on the further side of the lake we see Clunes Bay with its white-washed house peeping out from beneath the trees. For the benefit of those interested in such things we may mention that in the centre of the bay there are still to be seen traces of an ancient crannog or island built on wooden piles. Many years ago there was a dispute of long standing between Locheil and The Mackintosh as to the possession of certain lands in this neighbourhood, and we are told in an ancient MS. that The Mackintosh sent 2,500 men for three months to construct an island called "Eilean Darrach," in which he placed a garrison to keep the Lochabrians in subjection. This island "was built," as the MS. puts it, "on oaken jests (sic) within the water." But the Lochabrians took the oaken jests seriously, and having surprised the garrison, demolished the island and "brake forth again into their wonted rebellion." This feud was finally brought to an end on the 20th of September, 1665, when Locheil and Mackintosh met and "having drunk together in token of perfect reconciliation, exchanged swords and so departed, having in all probability at that time taken away the old

feud which with great hatred and cruelty continued betwixt their forbears for the space of thirty-six years." So says the MS., but another two hundred years was to pass before friendliness was re-established. Till 1869 no Mackintosh visited Achnacarry nor did a Locheil set foot within Moy Hall.

It is worthy of note that dispite the terrible atrocities perpetrated throughout the Highlands by Cumberland and his followers after the battle of Culloden, atrocities that would have done credit even to a civilized German army of to-day, the Highlanders showed no inclination to avenge themselves on their enemies by mean or insidious methods, though they might frequently have done so with ease and impunity. Only one man is known to have fallen by the hand of an assassin, and that was in this neighbourhood. One of the Glengarry men on returning to his house after a short expedition found that during his absence his property had been destroyed, his wife outraged, and his home rendered desolate. In the bitterness of the moment he vowed a deadly revenge. Learning that the officer who had thus foully wronged him rode upon a white horse, he took his musket and resolved never to rest till he had slain the offender. Several weeks passed without his being able to discover his enemy, till at last one day he saw an officer advancing at the head of a party mounted on the white horse he had heard described. As it happened this was not the real perpetrator of his injuries, but Major Munro of Culcairn, younger brother of Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who had unfortunately borrowed the horse from the officer in question. The infuriated Highlander fired from behind a crag overlooking the road and shot the major dead. He then fled through the rugged country and was soon beyond pursuit. On learning later that he had slain an innocent man he burst his gun and renounced the vow which bound him to vengeance.

Before taking leave of the Cameron country a few words must be said on the famous character known as Miss Jenny Cameron, whose ardour and enthusiasm for the Stuart cause led her to be present at the raising of the standard at Glen Finnan, and who throughout the campaign did all in her power to assist the loyal clans and to the end remained a staunch adherent of Prince Charlie.

One hundred years ago the Highlands were practically a terra incognita, and Smollett's famous novel "Tom Jones" would have been more than sufficient to blight the fair name of Miss Jenny Cameron beyond repair. But at the '45 the bitterness of party feeling was so intense that any lady who befriended the Prince or assisted him in any way was almost certain to be calumniated as having dealings with him of a more compromising nature. Thus the generous and whole-hearted partisanship of this high-spirited lady made her a certain target for slanderous tongues.

It is for historians to completely clear up this mystery, if mystery there be, but this much seems certain, that there was another damsel bearing the same name, whose discretion may not have been altogether beyond reproach and who was taken prisoner by Cumberland at Stirling. In fairness to this other Miss, or Mrs., Jenny Cameron it must be said that there is no proof whatsoever of misconduct other than utilising a mistaken identity to advance her commercial interests. Human pruriency and love of scandal have done the rest. As a matter of fact at the period of the '45 Miss Jenny Cameron was no longer in the first blush of youth; she was married and close on fifty years of age. In her early days she had been wedded to an Irishman, but on account of his heartlessness and brutality she obtained a separation and returned to Glen Dessary, where she resumed her maiden

name and managed her brother's property. At the raising of the standard—on which occasion, by the way, there were several other ladies present besides herself—she is described as "a genteel, handsome, well-looking woman, with a pair of pretty eyes and hair as black as jet, of very sprightly genius and very agreeable in conversation." It is significant of the temper of the age that a Grub Street novel was written upon Miss Jenny Cameron, while the ignorance and credulity of the Saxon do not seem to have been unduly taxed by an extravagant caricature in tartan trews supposed to be the typical ladies costume in the Highlands of that day. Even in Edinburgh some forty years later an unfortunate disabled cripple with a wooden leg used to be solemnly pointed out to strangers as no other than the too ardent admirer of Prince Charlie, Miss Jenny Cameron, in male attire!

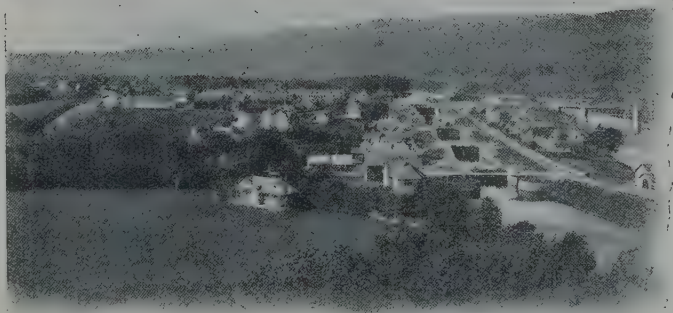
After the stirring episodes of her life were past this talented woman settled at Mount Cameron in Lanarkshire, where she was known throughout the district for her intelligence, the keen interest she displayed in public affairs and politics, and for her undying devotion to the House of Stuart. "She retained to the last," says the historian of Rutherglen, "the striking remains of a graceful beauty. Her whole deportment was consistent with that good breeding, unaffected politeness, and friendly generosity which distinguishes the people of rank in the Highlands of Scotland. She was buried at Mount Cameron in a clump of trees adjoining the house, and her grave is distinguished by nothing but a turf of grass which is now almost equal with the ground."

Running down from the summit of the line towards Invergarry Station the mountain burns which score the steep hill face illustrate admirably the erosive power of wet and weather so ably described by Sir A. Geikie in his book on Scottish scenery. Looking up the wild corries

we see the rough and jagged rocks shattered by rains and frost, whilst down below acres are covered with debris borne down in tons by every winter spate. The progress of the stream as it eats its way year by year into the heart of the hill can easily be followed.

KILFINNAN.

Shortly before reaching the east end of Loch Lochy we enter the Glengarry country belonging to the M'Donells of that ilk. The chiefs of this sept at one time claimed the headship of the entire clan, which for so many centuries swayed the destinies of the Highlands. In our day the name is perhaps most widely known to the stranger by the unenviable notoriety obtained for it by Andrew Lang's famous book on "Pickle the Spy." Our route does little more than skirt their territory, as the chief part of the possessions of the clan lay across the range of hills on the opposite side of the loch and in the glen which runs from there right out to the western coast.



The Locks, Fort-Augustus. To face p. 37.

About a mile from the end of the loch we see opposite to us, hard by a grove of sombre fir trees, a little churchyard known as Kilfinnan. On the eastern side a mountain stream brawls past noisily as it hurries down to pour its waters into the lake. Kil or cill in Gaelic signifies the cell or church of some saint, though it is by no means a certain sign that the saint in question lived or even preached there. The saint after whom this church is named was St. Finnan, one of the many Irish missionaries who in early days evangelised the Highlands, and who was known as "The Leper." Whether St. Finnan ever visited this district or no cannot be surely ascertained, he certainly is not buried here. If, however, the origin of the chapel and its dedication are lost in obscurity, at a later period it has an interesting history of its own.

A famous Cameron freebooter of the fifteenth century commonly known as "Ailein nan Creach," or Allan of the forays, obtained charters from the crown for various lands as rewards for "good and faithful service," and united the whole into a free barony called the "Barony of Locheill." Needless to say that this "good and faithful service" was regulated on the principle expressed by Wordsworth in his lines on "Rob Roy's Grave":

> "the good old rule
> Sufficeth them the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can."

Allan was strong, bold, reckless, and fearing neither God nor man he pillaged his neighbours without mercy. Amongst other excesses he burnt this church at Kilfinnan. An ancient poem in the Dean of Lismore's collection refers to this crime:

> "Fierce ravager of church and cross
> . . . . . .
> Beside that other lawless raid
> Against Finnan in Glengarry
> Have cursed the bald head Allan."

In his old age and his baldness, however, he seems to have been smitten with remorse and endeavoured to "hedge." It was enjoined on him as a penance for his crimes to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land or to build seven churches in various parts of the country. Allan chose the latter alternative, proving thereby that he had not lost his wits with his hair, for if we may judge by the ruins of the chapels which remain to this day most of them could not have taken longer than two or three weeks in the building. One of these seven churches was erected here at Kilfinnan on the site of the chapel sacriligeously burnt by Allan in the days of his youth. Unfortunately, during the construction of the Caledonian Canal the lake was raised several feet, and the waves of Loch Lochy now flow over the old graveyard and the ruins of the little chapel sacred to the leper saint. On a clear day in a boat fragments of the walls may still be seen beneath the water some few hundred yards from the present enclosure.

Kilfinnan is also worthy of note as being the last resting place of several of the chiefs of Glengarry. The tiny plot of ground contained within the four rude chapel walls together with the rock on which the ancient castle stands is all that now remains to the family of the once broad acres of the clan.

While speaking of freebooters it may be said that much misconception exists in the southern mind in respect to the Highland practice of "cattle-lifting." Cattle-lifting was not looked upon in the Highlands as theft, but as an honourable pastime or game of chance for which great skill was required, much like boxing or racing in our own day. The rules of the game were clearly recognised and for the most part strictly adhered to. The favourite time for these expeditions was the month of September, for at this season the cattle were just in

prime condition after the summer grazing, hence it used to be said that the Highland lairds counted their daughters' "tochers" (dowries) by the light of the Michaelmas moon. A large number of the chiefs kept a professional "lifter," who used to head their predatory bands, and many are the tales told of these heroes.

A troop would make its descent on another clan, usually a good distance away, and drive off the cattle as rapidly as possible to their own territory or else to one of the great lowland trysts. If the raid was made upon a clan in the close neighbourhood an agreement was generally come to with another company of cattle-lifters in a distant part of the country, accurate information as to the number, colour, and peculiar marks of the cattle being furnished weeks or even months beforehand, and the results of the foray were at once passed on to this band to be disposed of. If the persons from whom the booty had been taken were clever enough to follow the trail they could get the cattle back again or else obtain compensation from the guilty parties. When the cattle were "houaded" or tracked into the property of another clan the chief of that clan was bound to take up the search and discover the thieves or else follow them out of his own territory, and the chief in whose land the quarry was ultimately run to ground readily offered compensation to the injured parties in order to protect his cattle-lifters from the arm of the law. Needless to say, this compensation paid him all right in the long run, as a skilful thief was a good investment.

While whole-hearted cattle raiding was looked upon as a just and honourable occupation, a man who would condescend to take one or two sheep or a single cow was looked upon as a mean scoundrel and degraded outcast.

Captain Burt tells an amusing story of a man who was arraigned before the court in Edinburgh for having

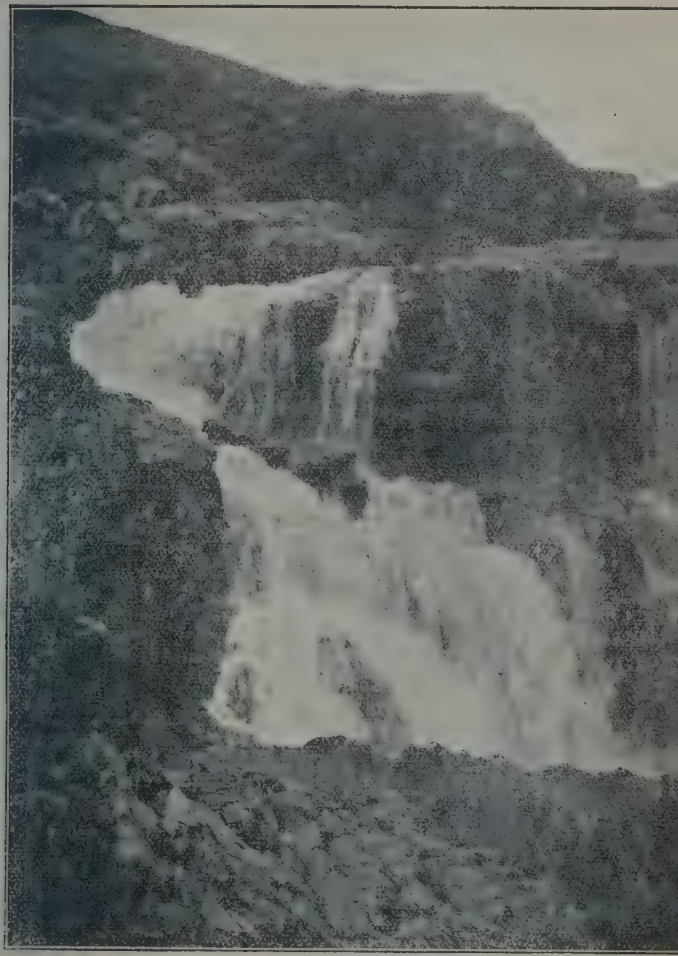
lifted a herd of cattle. The indictment was read setting forth that "as a common thief he had lain in wait," etc. On hearing the accusation the Highlander burst forth in a torrent of indignation: "Common thief! Common thief! One cow, two cow that be common thief. Lift a hundred cows that be shentleman drovers." After a little progress had been made with the case he again cried out: "Och hone! that such fine shentlemans should sit there with their fine cowns on to mak' a parshel o' lees on a puir, honest man." Finally on being condemned he pointed to the judges and roared out: "Oh for a proad-sword and a tirk to rid the hoose o' those foul peasts."

Another story is told showing that if an honest cattle-lifter did ultimately fall into the hands of the judge and suffer the extreme penalty of the law, his execution was in no way looked upon as a disgrace but as a sort of honourable martyrdom.

A certain Highland woman was asked how many husbands she had had. She replied three. On being further questioned if they had been good to her, she said the first two were honest men and very careful of their family, for they both *died for the law, i.e.*, were hanged for theft. "But what of the last?" "Oh, he was a fulthy peast; he died at home like an old dog on a puckle o' strae."

At the same time Captain Burt bears witness that personal theft was almost unknown among the Highlanders, and that he frequently travelled the country with from four to five hundred guineas in his portmanteau without the least fear of molestation, though nothing would have been easier than to have slain him and stolen the money.

We cannot pass this spot without mentioning the famous clan fight that took place on this little isthmus



FALLS OF TARFF [To face

connecting Loch Lochy with Loch Oich, and which on account of its unparalleled ferocity and wealth of incident is by far the best known and most noteworthy of all these battles. The beauty of the old clan fights was that they had as a rule little or no effect upon the general history of the country. The clansmen fought, harried and retired home again, and things went on as before until the party which had been worsted was strong enough or found opportunity to retaliate, when the process began afresh. This system had its advantages, and afforded a simple solution of the problem known to modern social economy as that of the surplus population.

Historical research is continually throwing new light on the battle in question, which was fought between the Macdonalds and the Frasers in 1544, whilst Celtic imagination and clan prejudice have clothed the event with a richness of detail manifestly fictitious. The most certainly ascertained facts taken from reliable authorities may be chiefly summarised as follows.

Early in the sixteenth century the Clanranald branch of the Macdonald clan discarded their legitimate chief Ranald, at the time little more than an infant, in favour of a hardy warrior and renowned leader, John of Moidart. Ranald's mother was a sister of Lord Lovat, so according to a common custom of the Highlands the child was sent to be brought up amongst his mother's people. For the time he was lost sight of and forgotten, but when John of Moidart was carried into captivity as a hostage by James V., Ranald, now grown up to man's estate, thought fit to reassert his claim to the chieftainship.

He arrived at Castle Tirrim, the seat of the Clanranald chief, and was favourably received. At once orders were given for a mighty feast, according to the custom of the clan, which has ever been noted even amongst the Highlanders for open-handed hospitality.

When Ranald passed through the castle court and saw the numbers of fat sheep and oxen that had been killed and were being prepared whole over great fires in the open, he asked what all this meant. He was told in reply that it was to hold high festival in honour of his return. Turning on his heel, in an evil moment the young man said: "What need of all this fuss? Would not a few hens be amply sufficient to celebrate the event." The clansmen took this as a deadly insult, and thinking him a chicken-hearted fool -which in reality he was very far from being nicknamed him the "hen chief" and chased him back with scorn to his mother's people. This was too much for Lovat's fiery temper, and he determined to reinstate his nephew in his ancestral home.

Having enlisted the sympathy and aid of Huntly, the Frasers swept through the Great Glen as far as Inverlochy (now Fort-William), but their foes retired before them, and, deeming the expedition hopeless, the combined force resolved to beat a retreat to their respective countries.

Following the course of the Lochy they reached Gairlochy together. Here Huntly and his men determined to make their way home by the valley of the Spean, through which the railway runs to-day, and at the same time strongly urged Lovat to do likewise. But the foolhardy chief determined to take the shorter and more direct route through the Great Glen to Beauly. This gave his enemies the very chance they looked for.

John of Moidart, who had recently escaped from prison, made a rapid march and reached the east end of Loch Lochy, where he was joined by some of the Camerons and by the Glengarries. Here in the lap of the hill where Ben Tigh raises its sharp-pointed mass out of the lower elevation, lies a little lake called to this day "Lochan nan Diota" or "Lochan nan Bata," that is the

tarn of the repast or of the sticks. On the borders of this loch the little force took their food, consisting of a small quantity of oatmeal, which each man carried tied up in the corner of his plaid, and which they mixed with the water of the loch. Then each one drove his stick into the soft peat moss, a common practice in the Highlands before a battle, and which took the place of the modern ticket number in our army. Every survivor on his homeward march "lifted" his stick and the remainder gave the numbers of the fallen.

After this John's force arrayed themselves at the little burn which we see furrowing the brae face opposite to us, and which is still called the "burn of the gathering," and as the Frasers neared the end of the loch, he swept down upon them and began the fray.

As we have said before, Loch Lochy has been raised several feet, and the severest fighting of the day took place where the water now forms a large pool at the back of the sandbank covered with grass and scrub and which at that time was dry land. It is worth noting that an ancient song speaks of firearms having been used in this battle, which, if true, was very early for the Highlands. But it was not by firearms nor by bows and arrows, but blade to blade and axe to axe that this battle was to be fought and won. On the Fraser side three hundred of the flower of the clan were engaged; how many John of Moidart had cannot be clearly ascertained, but certainly his force outnumbered his opponents.

Lovat seeing that he had been trapped determined to fight his way through; so having delivered a brief, inspiriting address to his men, fell on the foe, and a furious melee ensued. It was at noon on an intensely hot day in the middle of July that the fight began, and the combatants not merely threw off their plaids but their short jackets and vests as well, and fought in their

shirts and kilts, hence the battle received its name of "Blar nan Leine," or "Battle of the Shirts."

Shortly after the commencement of the battle, the Master of Lovat, who had purposely been left at home by his father, appeared on the scene. At this time he had not long returned from France, where he had just completed a most distinguished course at the University of Paris, and seemed to have a brilliant career in front of him. The day before the battle he had been out hunting, and on his return his stepmother, Lady Lovat, whose conduct is not above suspicion, taunted him with idling at home whilst his father and better men were fighting for the honour of the clan. Stung by the reproach, the Master gathered a dozen stalwart followers and set out post-haste to join his father. The sight of him filled Lovat with dismay, for all was now at stake, and when a few moments later the youth was cut down in the thickest of the fray, the Frasers filled with fury, fought like tigers, not for victory but for extermination. So closely were the ranks crushed together and so stubbornly did they hold their ground without either side shrinking or giving way, that, as an ancient chronicler says, "they were felled down on each side like trees in a wood till room was made by these breaches and at last all came to fight hand to fist."

In the course of the battle a stalwart Macdonald made a furious slash at a burly opponent, crying out: "Take that from the blacksmith of Clanranald." The Fraser deftly parried the stroke, and taking a tremendous blow with his Lochaber axe, cried out: "And take you that from MacShimie's (Lovat's) blacksmith." After the fight they were both found lying side by side dreadfully mangled.

As the day wore on and the field gradually thinned out, the combatants, too exhausted to ply their claymores,

took to their dirks, and several by mutual consent fought their way to the lake's edge to gain coolness and refreshment from the water. Here numbers were found lying in couples in the shallow water clasped in a death embrace.

So fierce was the struggle that those who were lying almost dead upon the ground would make a desperate effort to disable a passing opponent by hacking at a leg or an arm. Lovat himself, swinging his two-handed sword like Simon de Montfort at the battle of Lewes, cut a path before him wherever he went. At length, however, he fell covered with wounds, and at once a cry went up over the field: "Thuit a cruaidh chascar" ("the lusty slasher is fallen") and in a short while all was over. The sun went down on a dismal scene of carnage. The Fraser chronicles tell us that only one gentleman of the clan, James of Foyers, who was carried off the field on the shoulders of his foster-brother, escaped alive. If this is true the extermination must have been complete, because this James died of his wounds a few days after. Certainly not more than half a dozen escaped to Beauly to tell the tale. The story that, like the Kilkenny cats, the Macdonalds also fought until they were exterminated is manifestly a fabrication.

Ranald Gallda, the hen chief, who was the primary cause of all this bloodshed, fought like a hero. His swordsmanship astonished even his foes, and one after another his enemies fell beneath his blade till he came face to face with a Strontian man known as the "son of little Red Donald." This worthy seeing himself on the point of being cut down, cried out to Ranald to beware of the man behind him. Ranald wheeled round to meet this imaginary foe and at once the Strontian man ran him through with his sword. The dying man with a supreme effort dealt a tremendous back-handed blow

which struck his assailant on the head and deeply gashed his skull but did not kill him. Some days after his return home a doctor who was dressing the wound carelessly opened the gash anew. The "son of little Red Donald," suspecting treachery, reached out for his dirk which was hanging by the bedside and plunged it into the doctor's heart, but the violent exertion proved too much for him and in a few moments he expired. There seems good reason to believe that his intolerable boasting, together with the ruse he made use of in his combat with Ranald Gallda, had rendered him so odious to the clansmen that they were anxious to do away with him, and the action of the doctor in reopening the wound may not have been altogether unintentional. The body was buried at Eilean Fhionnan, and until recently the skull with the mark of the sword-cut upon it was to be seen under the altar in the little ruined chapel.

There is also a tradition that Ranald Gallda's sword was preserved by a family in Strontian for a long time, and they used to show a nick in the blade proving that not without good reason were the men of that district considered hard-headed rievers.

LOCH OICH FROM LAGGAN BRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV

THE RAVEN'S ROCK

AT Invergarry station we reach the west end of Loch Oich, which forms the highest point of the Caledonian Canal, little more than a hundred feet above sea level. Looking back across the little strip of land that separates the waters of Loch Oich from those of Loch Lochy, we see a stream coursing down the hillside which is one of those curious instances met with in watersheds where a man with a spade might in a few moments turn aside the waters of the stream so that instead of being discharged into Loch Linnhe on the west coast they would ultimately find their way into the German Ocean, far on the other side of Scotland.

A similar example is found in the headwaters of the Clyde and Tweed, it being quite a question whether the stream will flow east or west, and in times of spate salmon fry are frequently washed from the headwaters of the Tweed into the upper reaches of the Clyde, above the Falls of Cora.

In the present instance a very practical old lady turned this singular formation of nature to good account. She lived just on the march or boundary between Locheil and Glengarry, the dividing line being formed by the stream. As often as the Cameron factor came to collect his rent he found the stream flowing merrily between

him and the old woman's house, and whenever she saw Glengarry's officer approaching on a similar errand she diverted the water to the other side of her little property and defied him to lift his dues. By this ingenious plan she maintained her house and land for a long number of years free of all rent and taxes.

Directly opposite Invergarry station on the edge of the loch there stands a small monument commemorating one of those deeds of blood so common in the Highlands. Beneath the monument there bubbles up a little spring of clear, cold water, whilst the top of the shaft is crowned by a hand grasping seven heads transfixed with a dagger. Few stories are better known in the Highlands than this tale of the seven heads, yet seldom has so well-known a fact been confused with such a mass of conflicting details.

The case is characteristic and throws a singular side-light on the manners of the north at the time of the Restoration.

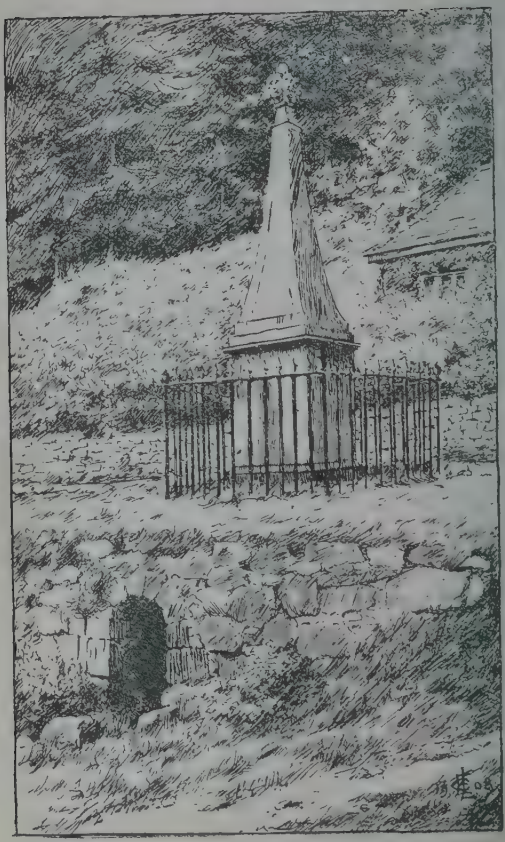
One of the chiefs of Keppoch had sought a bride outside the limits of his clan and had married "a woman from the south," as she was contemptuously styled, one of the Forresters of Kilbaggie, in Clachmannan. The two sons of this marriage were sent abroad to be educated in Rome, and while there the father died, leaving his brother in charge of the clan till such time as his son should have completed his course and attained his majority. Five years after their father's death the two youths, Alexander and Ranald, returned to Lochaber and took up the leadership of the clan.

With all the enthusiasm of youth and a liberal education, Alexander set about improving the condition of his people and made it his endeavour "to drive all thieves and cattle-lifters from his boundaries." This running counter to all the dearest traditions of Lochaber brought a certain amount of discontent and disaffection in its

wake. The uncle, Alastair Buidhe, an unscrupulous and ambitious man, turned this dissatisfaction to account and fanned the spirit of rebellion till a widespread conspiracy was formed against the youthful chieftain. Finally the head of one of the minor septs, who had long cherished a secret grudge against the family of the chief, set out one night with his six sons and some other retainers, and having waded the river below Keppoch Castle, entered the house "with the water of the Spean still in his shoes." Finding the young chief defenceless in his bed, they plunged their dirks into his body, killing him on the spot.

Ranald, the younger brother chanced to be out at the moment of attack, and hearing of the disturbance hastened to the rescue; but on entering the castle he was instantly seized and overpowered. He cried to his uncle, Alastair Buidhe, who was present, to assist him, but instead of trying to defend him the uncle plunged the first dagger into his breast. The other conspirators followed suit and then fled to their own homes. The clansmen quickly gathered, and John Macdonald, the famous poet, better known as Ian Lom, the bare or biting bard of Keppoch, had the bodies carefully laid out and honourably buried.

No one thought of seeking redress at the hands of the Government, and had it not been for Ian Lom the incident would probably have passed unavenged. As it was, the bard poured forth such a torrent of bitterest invective against the perpetrators of the deed that he had to fly the country and take refuge in Kintail. Glengarry, though loving the name of Superior of Clan Donald, evidently thought that charity began at home, and his love of justice was not sufficiently strong to make him risk burning his fingers by attempting to call the culprits to account.



THE WELL OF THE SEVEN HEADS.

Finally, Sir James Macdonald of Sleat dispatched a party of his clan, under command of his brother, to try

and bring the murderers to justice. The conspirators expected an avenging party to come from Glengarry, and kept a sharp look out upon the castle from a little bothy on the summit of one of the hills of the southern range. But Ian Lom skillfully outwitted them, and brought the little party of Islesmen up the valley of the Spean to Inverlair, where they surprised the father and six sons in bed. The sons were instantly dragged out and slain and the house set on fire. In the scuffle the father almost escaped unnoticed, when Ian Lom cried out, "the six cubs are here but the old fox is still in the den." At once a number of men dashed into the blazing house and dragged out the father, dispatching him on the spot. The bard then severed the heads from the bodies and putting them into a sack carried them by a circuitous route to Invergarry. Before reaching the castle he washed his gory trophies at this little spring. Then, after taunting Glengarry with bitter sarcasm on the inactivity which left the avenging of this foul murder to his distant kinsman, the poet laid the seven heads at his feet, and they were afterwards buried in a little glade not far from the present mansion house of Invergarry.

It is worthy of note that the mother of these murderers on whom the beardless bard executed such summary vengeance was his own sister.

This monument was erected and the inscription upon it invented by Colonel M'Donell, the last chief of Glengarry, in 1812.

Some years ago an antiquarian enthusiast in Fort-William sought to prove the truth of this tradition, and dug up the mound at Inverlair where the bodies were supposed to have been buried. The skeletons were found buried without a coffin, whole and entire, excepting that each one lacked a skull, thus confirming the main facts of the story current in Lochaber.

About half way down Loch Oich we come to the famous old Castle of Invergarry. It stands perched upon a rock rising sheer out of the waters of the lake, and in olden times was a position of great strength. The rock is known as "Creag an Fhithich," or the "Raven's Rock," and this used to be the war-cry of the clan.

LOCH OICH.

The castle has an interesting history. It has been built again and again on the present site and as often destroyed, till finally it was burnt by Cumberland in 1745 and never restored.

In 1727 an English company, enticed by the plentiful supply of timber in the district, set up iron smelting works in Glengarry. The manager, finding the castle in ruins as a result of the loyalist rising in 1715, roofed over the walls and took up his abode there. But the clansmen were indignant at this desecration, as they deemed it, of their chief's ancestral hall, and they fell upon the misguided "Sassenach," who narrowly escaped with his life.

During the troublous times of religious persecution, Glengarry was one of the great centres round which the Catholics of the north rallied. On account of its close connection with the Catholic district of Knoydart, many of the Irish priests who came from Spain and elsewhere to minister to the wants of their co-religionists in the Western Isles found their way to this district. The Hardwicke Papers tell us that the Clanranalds were

Invergarry Castle.

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"always Popish," and "the people of all ranks here are much better acquainted with Rome, Madrid and Paris, than they are with London or Edinburgh." As early as 1670 a Catholic school was erected in Glengarry, one of the very first established in the north.

During the time the castle remained in the hands of the M'Donells persecution was unknown, but when it fell into the hands of English soldiery persecution was attempted and many a priest was done to death in the vaults of the ancient building.

As mentioned above, excepting the few square feet of ground in the churchyard of Kilfinnan, the narrow compass of this rock crowned with its ruined walls is all that now remains to the ancient clan of the wide lands that once belonged to the M'Donells of Glengarry.

Rev. Alex. Stewart tells a pretty tale of how this rock came to remain in possession of the clan when all the rest of the estates were sold.

A great friend of Glengarry who was paying him a visit came down to breakfast one morning and found the chief with a letter in his hand and a look of blank despair upon his face. As his friend entered the room Colonel M'Donell rose and stretching out his hand greeted him warmly with the words: "Welcome for the last time to Glengarry's house and board." His friend asked him in amazement what this meant. "It means," said the Chief, "I have just had a letter, and the estates must be sold to meet the claims upon me." "Is it *must*?" quoth the friend. "Yes, *must*, there is absolutely no alternative." "Then if the estate must go why not keep the castle with the Raven's Rock, then with your back to the crag in the words of your favourite Fitz-James you can still cry out:

> "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly,
> From its firm base as soon as I"

With tears in his eyes the ruined chieftain thanked his friend for his timely counsel, and in a few days the whole estate save only this lonely crag had passed into the hands of strangers.

This Colonel Alastair Ranaldson M'Donell was a notable character. An intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, to whom he presented Maida, the deerhound of which Scott was so proud, he shot a grandson of Flora Macdonald in a duel, disputed with Clanranald the supremacy of the Macdonalds, was the last Highland chieftain who travelled the country with his "tail," married a daughter of Sir William Forbes a strong claim on Scott's affection—and after living a century behind his times, died in 1828. He was the grand-nephew of Alastair Ruadh M'Donell, alias Jeanson, alias Roderick Random, and now perhaps best known as "Pickle the Spy." Scott devotes a few lines of his journal to Colonel M'Donell. "He seems to have lived a century too late, and to exist in a state of complete law and order, like a Glengarry of old whose will was law to his sept. Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him. . . . To me he is a treasure." With him passed away the final link that connected the ancient Highland dispensation with the modern, and when he was carried to the grave was seen for the last time the full accompaniment of Highland costumes on such occasions.

It was and is still a point of honour amongst the Highlanders amounting almost to superstition that a man should be buried in the grave of his fathers, no matter how far he might have strayed from home. This commonly entailed long journeys of twenty or thirty and oftentimes more than a hundred miles. As there were no roads the coffin was shouldered all the way, streams and rivers having frequently to be forded. Yet by re-

lieving one another in regular relays the distance was covered in a surprisingly short space of time. Hence it came to be a disgrace in the Highlands to be carried to the churchyard in a hearse. When Glengarry died there was some question of sending a hearse from Inverness, but the clansmen rose and said it would never enter the glen; "no, it was by the hands of the people and shoulder high that Glengarry should be borne to the grave, and they would never see Mac-mhic-Alastair carried to Kilfinnan in a cart."

The pipes always attended every funeral to inspirit the bearers on their march and to show honour to the dead. But on such occasions the piper invariably followed the bier, just as at marriages he played in front of the procession; the reason of course being that the corpse was carried feet first and the place of the piper was at the head. If the deceased were a person of note the clan standard was carried furled in front of the coffin, while directly behind the bier a space was cleared for the piper by four clansmen with drawn swords.

The inevitably early start entailed by the distances to be traversed accentuated the custom of wakes, so common in all northern countries.

As is well known wakes originated in the custom of watching through the night to say prayers for the dead, and the word is merely a translation of the familar term "vigil," so frequently used in the Catholic Church to-day. Hospitality demanded that refreshments should be offered to the watchers, and in time this degenerated into the carousal which we find as a blot on our English statutes as early as the tenth century. In the Highlands be it said, anything like intemperance at these wakes was practically unknown till comparatively recent times. Drunkenness was never a national vice of the Highlanders as of the English. Sir Walter Scott's well-

known description of a Highland festival in the "Fair Maid of Perth" may be taken as in the main true to life. "Even the liquor itself," he says, "did not seem to raise the festive party above the tone of decorous gravity." Whisky, now so intimately connected with the idea of the Highlands, seems to have been quite unknown in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its introduction was very gradual. Brandy imported from France was far more common, while the ordinary alcoholic liquors in use were claret and the light Rhenish wines. Any adulteration of these wines in Scotland was punishable with death as early as 1482.

In the Highlands at the present day it is the custom for women never to follow the funeral. In olden days the womenfolk who had attended the wake used to follow as far as the first burn, where, after partaking of a light refreshment, they returned, and the cortége proceeded on its way. Frequently two men used to walk a few hundred yards in advance and offer refreshments in the name of the deceased to any they met on the way. This parting cup was intended as a last act of hospitality always a darling virtue with the Highlanders—and carried with it a tacit obligation of offering a prayer for the person who was being carried to the grave.

An eye-witness describes the scene at the funeral of Colonel M'Donell.

At daybreak columns of the clan streamed down from every glen, each body being headed by the pipes. Arrived at the castle they lined up on the lawn in their various companies, and in the large open space before the door was pitched the great yellow banner of the clan surmounted by a spreading bush of heather, the badge of Clan Donald. Shortly after, the doors swung open and in the gloomy hall beyond appeared the coffin with four stalwart Highlanders bearing flaming torches at each

corner. Waxen tapers fixed between the antlers upon the whitened stags' skulls that surrounded the hall cast a weird light upon the tartans and armour covering the walls. The "ceann-tigh," or heads of the cadet families, were already assembled, and as they lifted the coffin Glengarry's piper, who had taken his stand beside the colours, blew up the march "Cille-Chriost."

THE CASTLE GATEWAY.

It was a terribly wild day and a thunder storm was raging as the procession moved off. Passing the barbican of the old ruined castle a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the sky followed by a crash of thunder. As the roar of the thunder rolled round the hills, Allan Dall, the old blind bard of the chief, burst forth into a piteous wail: "Ochon, ochon, ochon, Mhac Mhic Raonail cha n-fhaic mi thu cha n-fhaic mi thu a-chaoidh! A laimh dheas

ABERCHALDER LODGE.

a' ghaeil!" Then waving his bonnet towards the sky he broke into a wild lament, calling the heavens and the storm to the grave of his chief. In a few moments the refrain was taken up by all present, and a deep surge from two thousand voices rolled forth the chorus to the skies.

"Is sona 'Bhean-bainns' air an eirich grian,
Is beannaicht' an corp air an tuit an fhras."

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on,
Blessed the corpse that the rain rains upon."

By the time the procession reached the graveyard at Kilfinnan the stream was swollen to a roaring torrent, and there was no bridge across the burn as there is to-day. But the Highlanders, well used to fording streams on such occasions, plunged fearlessly into the flood. When the coffin reached mid-stream it seemed for a moment as if the bearers with their charge would be swept away, when Angus, the chief's eldest son, flung out the war-cry from the other side: "Lamh dhearg bhuadhach Chlann Dhomhuill!" Those behind pressed eagerly forward, and the bier, borne by the strong arms of the willing clansmen, safely won the further bank. A few minutes later and the last Chief of Glengarry lay side by side with his famous ancestor, "Black John" of Killiecrankie, beneath the green sod of that little plot of ground, all that now remains to link his family with the glens and the people he loved so well.

As the train leaps into the little tunnel at the end of Loch Oich, the castle passes out of sight, but the high road clambers over the summit of the crag and affords a magnificent view of the old castle and its grounds. An interesting event was connected with this rock which may be worth relating.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie a detachment of "Red Coats" was dispatched from Inverness

under command of Captain Ramsay with orders to take Glengarry Castle. On reaching the east end of Loch Oich, in the absence of any bridge, it was found impossible to cross the river, and the only way of approach lay in passing round the west end of the lake. Ramsay was well known in the district as a daring and resourceful officer, and nothing daunted he set about accomplishing his purpose. Glengarry on the other hand was determined to crush him if possible before he could reach the castle. As the little troop won the top of the crag, Glengarry and his armourer were watching their advance from the castle window. Alastair, the "armourer," had long vaunted his prowess in the use of some small pieces preserved in the castle tower. Glengarry, half in jest, turned to the old man and said, "If there is any good in those pop-guns of yours bring down the officer who is leading that band of 'Red Coats,'" pointing, as he spoke, to Ramsay who was marching at the head of the column. "I will not answer for them all," replied the armourer with grim determination, "but this 'cuckoo' will do a work which will surprise you," and unhitching one of the weapons he levelled it across the window-sill. Just as he was in the act of taking aim Ramsay passed to the rear of the column, but Glengarry with his fierce Celtic impatience cried, "Never mind him, never mind him, blaze away at the head of the troop." The report rang out, and the next moment a confused rush at the front of the troop told that the armourer's pet weapon had carried death into the ranks of the assailants. "Well done, well done, Alastair," cried Glengarry patting him on the back, "the 'cuckoo' has spat upon them," but the old armourer without answering a word calmly took down another of the pieces from the wall, carefully primed it, and laid it across the sill. While he was taking

Vitrified Fort (see p. 99).

[To face p. 60.

aim Captain Ramsay hurried to the head of the troop to see what had happened. Once more the report rang through the glen, and Ramsay fell a huddled mass at the head of his men. Frantic with excitement, Glengarry turned to his faithful follower and cried, "Bravo, Alastair, the Ramsay is as good as the 'cuckoo'; little did I think that your southern toys could compare with my claymore." The soldiers in confusion and alarm hurriedly picked up the corpses of their officer and comrade and in all haste made the best of their way to Inverness. Just here a glimpse may be caught of Aberchalder Mansion, a shooting lodge on the Glengarry estate, which stands on an eminence to the right of the railway and takes its name from the burn which runs at its foot. From Aberchalder station a short run brings us to the village of Fort-Augustus. The flat peat-moss that is crossed on the way is known as "Montrose's Mile," for it was here that the intrepid warrior pitched his camp just before the battle of Inverlochy. In a few minutes we pull up at Fort-Augustus which will require a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER V

SAINT AND SINNER—CUMMIN AND CUMBERLAND

THE little village of Fort-Augustus from its natural position has, since the earliest times, been connected with all the important movements, military, social and religious of the North. It is situated exactly in the centre of Glen Mor, the Great Glen of Albyn which cuts the Highlands in two from coast to coast, cleaving the huge mountain ramparts down almost to the level of the sea. This depression running right across Scotland from Loch Linnhe to the Moray Firth has exercised a great influence on the nature, history and development of the country, whilst geologically it forms one of the most interesting features of the Highlands.

Glen Mor has, from the earliest times, formed the highway of communication between east and west. Whether the Romans actually made use of it when passing from one sea-board to another is still a moot point, though it seems likely that they did. In support of this we may mention that in A.D. 1767, whilst digging a trench in connection with the old Fort, some workmen turned up a blue earthenware urn containing three hundred Roman coins of mixed metal. Some of these

were a little larger than our halfpenny, and others about the size of a farthing piece. They all dated from the time of Diocletian.

The flocks of migratory birds also, sweeping up the coast, naturally turn up or down the valley, where the wooded slopes and the deep recesses of the smaller glens and corries opening off Glen Mor afford admirable facilities for nesting and for the supply of their other numerous requirements. Thus the country around Fort-Augustus, which lies half-way from coast to coast, rising as it does from a few feet above sea-level to the summit of hills more than three thousand feet in height, teems with animal life of every sort, which, in variety and abundance, offers almost unrivalled opportunities for the study of ornithology and the other branches of natural history.

The spot was familiar to St. Columba and the early Celtic missionaries who followed in his wake, and they seem to have made it their headquarters when passing from Iona to evangelise the east coast. They have left their mark deeply impressed upon the district, and their memory still survives in a rich crop of place-names, churches, wells, hills, cemeteries and "tilleadhs." The Gaelic name Cille-Chumein which the village of Fort-Augustus has borne for thirteen hundred years, and by which alone it is still known to the Gaelic-speaking population, is derived from Cummein a successor of St. Columba in the abbatial dignity at Iona. The site of the church he built, his burying-ground, the hill from which he preached, and the mountain of his "tilleadh" or return, all still exist in the neighbourhood.

A most interesting relic of St. Cummin in the shape of an ancient Celtic bell long survived after the chapel built by him had perished. It was unfortunately lost

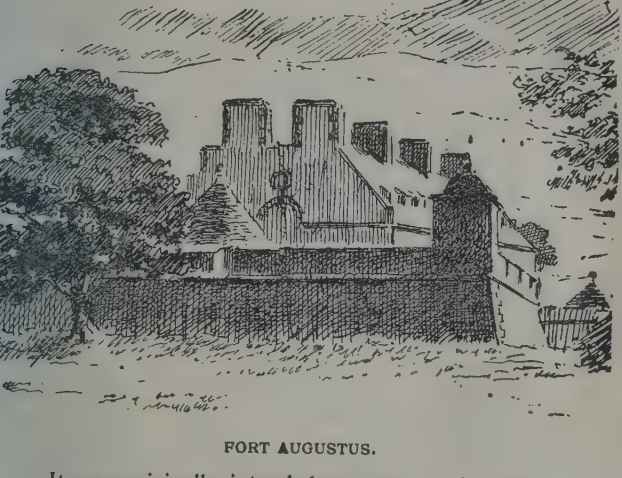
through the superstition of some members of the Fraser clan.

In A.D. 1559, the Dowager Lady Lovat, whose son and husband had been slain shortly before in the "Battle of the Shirts," made a pilgrimage to the battlefield along with some of her retainers. On the return through Cille-Chumein they took the ancient chapel bell intending to place it in their own church in Glen Conventh near Beauly. Passing down Loch Ness a sudden storm arose and the boat was in danger of being swamped. The intelligent oarsmen recommended that the bell should be sacrificed as a peace-offering to the spirit of the lake. Accordingly it was consigned to the waves, and in spite of this act of vandalism the boat safely won its way to shore. "From that time," as the chronicler says, "the water below where the bell was cast became medicinal. Superstitious people call it wine, and send it from a great distance to their cattle when they are sick." The zealous antiquarian will find himself but feebly recompensed by the healing waters of Loch Ness for the loss of this genuine relic of Celtic antiquity.

In later times the village formed the extreme outpost of the Fraser lands and was the scene of endless fights and bloodshed. A fort was early built as a defence against the inroads of the hostile clans, and stood just at the back of what is now the Lovat Arms Hotel.

After the battle of Killiecrankie in 1715 the English Government took possession of, and garrisoned this post in hopes of reducing the turbulent Highlanders to order. Ten years later when General Wade was spreading his network of roads across the country, a fortification on a much larger scale was begun by the borders of the loch. The walls of this later fort,

after passing through many vicissitudes in the stirring times of the Jacobite risings, have finally been incorporated with the present Abbey buildings, and little remains save the dungeons and ancient bastions to tell of their departed glory.



FORT AUGUSTUS.

It was originally intended to connect the two forts by a covered way and to use the old one at the summit of the brae as a governor's house, but this plan was abandoned, and now the interesting ruins of this prehistoric stronghold form a portion of the garden wall at the back of the Lovat Arms Hotel. Some years ago an ancient underground passage was accidentally discovered in this garden, but its nature and extent still remain to be explored by the enterprising antiquarian.

In these days when so much attention has been directed to the ravages of tuberculosis, and when

through the whole-hearted zeal and untiring energy of Hon. Miss Margaret Fraser, a sanatorium for the cure of this disease has just been erected by the confines of the Invergarry estate about four miles from Fort-Augustus, it is interesting to note one of the earliest and most authentic testimonies to the healthiness of the climate.

Captain Burt who visited Scotland in the years 1728-30 was sorely tried by the Highlanders and their ways. He complains bitterly of the squalor, dirt and misery of their houses, of the hairy butter and poverty of their table, of the terrors of their climate, the ice that never thawed (sic), the summer showers that lasted six weeks without intermission, and of the flies; yet, when speaking of Fort-Augustus, he renders eloquent tribute to the healthiness of the climate. "If the inhabitants of the new settlement," he says, "could have lived upon air I verily believe they would have been fed with better diet than at Montpellier. The officers and soldiers garrisoned in the barracks for many successions have found it to be so; and several of them who had fallen into a valetudinary state in other parts have there recovered their health in a short time. Among other instances I shall give you only one that I thought almost a miracle." He then goes on to relate the case of an English officer in the last stages of consumption, who, feeling his end approaching, resolved to meet death with his regiment, which was then quartered at Fort Augustus. The journey was made in easy stages, his companions daily expecting to see him die by the way. On reaching the Fort he began at once to pick up strength, and after some time was not only completely cured but obtained leave to return to England, where he shortly after married a woman of considerable fortune.

To face p. 67. THE COLLEGE FRONT, FORT-AUGUSTUS.

Whether Fort-Augustus still exercises a salutary influence on those prospecting matrimony we are unable to say, but assuredly the salubrious nature of the climate remains unchanged as it was in the days of Captain Burt.

If the mission of St. Cummin diffused an odour of sanctity throughout the district, the same cannot be said of the mission of his military successor some ten centuries later. After the battle of Culloden, Cumberland, the "Bloody Butcher," established his headquarters at the garrison, and has left a reputation that stinks in the nostrils of Highlanders even to this day.

The atrocities perpetrated by the English army after Culloden seem almost incredible, were it not that they are vouched for by authors of unimpeachable veracity. We read that nine days after the battle, "the misery and distress of the fugitive rebels was inexpressible, hundreds being found dead of their wounds and of hunger at a distance of twelve, fourteen, and even twenty miles from the field." A few weeks later, an officer writing from Fort-Augustus says, "The people are deservedly in a most deplorable way, and must perish either by sword or famine—a just reward for traitors. His Royal Highness has carried fire and sword through their country and drove off their cattle which we bring into our camp in great quantities, sometimes 2000 in a drove." More than 8000 head of cattle were collected at Fort-Augustus in a few days, whilst horses were so plentiful that half-a-crown was considered an exorbitant price for a pony, and excellent animals changed hands for eighteenpence. To such an extent was this carried, that almost every soldier had his horse, on which he used to ride about, to the detriment of military discipline, till finally an order was issued commanding all the horses to be immediately disposed of.

But brutality did not stop here. Long after the battle of Culloden, an officer at Fort-Augustus writes, "We hang and shoot everyone that is known to conceal the Pretender; burn their houses and take their cattle." Nor was this slaughter confined to those known to conceal the Pretender. Many peaceful men who had never been out in the rising were stripped, tortured and shot whilst labouring in the fields.

The foremost example in these outrages was set by the Duke of Cumberland himself. Passing over the field of Culloden he saw a wounded Highlander lying on the ground staring at him. He at once called on Major Wolfe to "shoot that insolent scoundrel." The major replied that his commission was at the disposal of His Royal Highness, but he could never consent to become an executioner. The Duke then asked several officers in succession to pistol the wounded man, but with a like result. Finally he called upon a common soldier, who blew the poor fellow's brains out with his musket.

On the day following the battle, Cumberland sent a body of soldiers to kill the wounded who were still alive upon the battlefield. Some seventy unfortunate Highlanders were thus found, and were all shot or stabbed to death.

Later on, it was reported that some of the wounded had taken refuge in the neighbouring houses. A diligent search was instituted, and they were at once dragged out and put to death. One officer boasted that on a single day, he had seen as many as seventy-two persons thus massacred in cold blood. Nineteen officers who had found refuge in the court-yard of Culloden House were set up against a wall and platooned; those who showed any signs of life were afterwards clubbed to death with the butt ends of the soldiers' muskets.

One young officer survived even this ordeal. He received the shot, then a soldier struck him with the butt end of his musket breaking the upper part of his nose and face, and dashing out one of his eyes; but he recovered, and for many a long year his disfigured countenance bore witness to the dismal horrors of Culloden.

Not content with this, we find the Duke issuing an order from Fort-Augustus on the 8th of July, that no provision of any kind was to be sold or supplied to the starving people of the neighbourhood. If any of the soldiers' wives were found contravening this command, they were to be flogged for the first offence; and in case of any repetition of the fault, still graver penalties were to be inflicted. In consequence of this measure, the natives died in large numbers of sheer starvation.

Was it from a sense of disgust at these atrocities that Dr Johnson, on his famous tour, avoided Culloden Moor? Possibly he may have shunned it on the ground, as he said on another occasion, that when you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields; at any rate he had a low opinion of the English soldiery.

In this connection, we may mention that the appreciation of the beauty of scenery and nature's charms seem to be the outgrowth of a comparatively modern civilisation which Sir Walter Scott did so much to popularise. Certainly it in no way appealed to the garrison at Fort-Augustus. One of the volunteers writes, "The sight of the black barren mountains covered with snow, and the streams of water rolling down them was enough to give any well-bred dog the vapours, and cause many to fall sick daily as well in their minds as in their bodies." Other reasons besides the much-abused scenery are not far to seek as a more reliable cause of these disorders. In any case, by way of reviving the drooping spirits of the garrison, the City of London sent £4000

—worth nearly four times that amount in our day—for distribution among the men. The Duke of Cumberland also encouraged debauch. We read of "the wimmen of the line" contending in foot races for prizes offered by the Duke, whilst in the General Order Book under the date 17th of June we have the following entry. "H.R.H. gives six plates to be run for this afternoon at 5 o'clock by the sheltys belonging to the army, viz., four the line, one to be run for by the women, all to ride without saddles. Everybody has a right to run, they are to be at H.R.H. quarters a half-an-hour after four."

These exhibitions seem to have been accompanied by circumstances of the grossest indecency, the clothing of the women being of the slenderest description, and it is not without reason that we read of the "Old Buff Ladies" being successful in the contest. Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, expresses his horror of these orgies in no measured terms. "If I stay here much longer with the regiment, I shall be perfectly corrupt: the officers are loose and profligate, and the soldiers are very devils." But enough of the grotesque savagery of an uncivilised German. Let us pass on to another figure closely connected with Cumberland and Culloden, and who perished on the scaffold for the part he had played in the rising of 1745.

Simon Lord Lovat was one of the most extraordinary characters the Highlands ever produced, and was by far the ablest man in Scotland of his day. His lot was cast in troublous times, but by his own unaided genius and a skilful use of the elements by which he was surrounded, he generally managed to ride forth on the crest of the wave. Born with scarcely a rood of land, by freely breaking all the laws of God and man, he raised himself to the headship of one of the most powerful of all the Highland clans; and, had he survived a few years

longer, would probably have succeeded in passing to his descendants a dukedom, the one cherished dream of all his ambitions. Many existing memorials link Fort-Augustus with his life, and his name is still a living memory in the district. The clansmen of Strath-errick were ever the chosen heroes of his heart; the famous old Fort Well supplied drinking-water for his table; the dungeon is still shown in which he was confined, whilst during the happiest moments of his life his oft repeated prayer was, that the women of this district should cry the coronach over his remains; and by his will he left a sum of money that every piper from John o' Groats to Edinburgh might play his funeral lament.

Most people merely think of Simon as the "ugly old Scotch dog" of Hogarth's painting, who received on Tower Hill the well-merited reward of a life-long deceit and treachery. Few remember the tall strong handsome man of his youth, with iron will and stony heart, intellectual powers amounting to genius, and a perfectly boundless energy which lasted even to the day when his ancient frame, knotted with gout and cramped up with rheumatism, had to be assisted up the scaffold steps.

He knew not what fear was, while his ready wit and resourceful daring time after time freed him from dangers and saved his life. He early exercised a perfect self-control, and never lost his temper save when some-thing was to be gained thereby. Then it was as a veritable mountain torrent sweeping all before it.

Two men alone have raised the Highlanders from wild and lawless banditti into a thoroughly efficient army and irresistible fighting force—Montrose and Claverhouse. Simon Lovat might have been a third. He had all the necessary gifts of head and heart as-

sisted by the fullest sympathy with Celtic racial prejudice. Few men or women could resist his advances when he seriously set himself to work to win them to his cause. The diplomatists of England and of France found in the untutored Celtic Chief a masterly grasp of politics equal to the best, whilst under the rugged exterior and apparent hearty simplicity of the Highlander lurked a natural cunning and astuteness that oftentimes far outmatched their own.

Unfortunately these qualities were marred by an overmastering selfishness and almost unfathomable duplicity and deceit. To use his own words, he "did not stick to take a cart-load of perjured oaths" to compass a desired end, and he did not hesitate to deceive his own bosom friends as well as the ablest statesmen of the day. In one thing alone was he uniformly consistent, in unscrupulous endeavour to aggrandise himself.

It was characteristic of the age in which he lived, that before he was sixteen Simon Fraser had been three times imprisoned for being a Jacobite. Time and again he met a similar fate for one cause or the other, now in France, then in England, and then again in the Highlands, in the very territory almost of the Fraser clan. He was several times outlawed with a price upon his head, and more than once solemnly condemned in open court for treason, but he adroitly extricated himself from every entanglement; and one cannot help feeling that had the wily chieftain been but a few years younger he would have successfully weathered the storm that finally brought his head to the block in A.D. 1746.

As a young man we find him rendering his name notorious by the abduction and forcible marriage, in the presence of minister and witnesses, of the Dowager

Lady Lovat. The refinement of brutality in this act will not admit description, but it bears eloquent testimony to his persuasive powers that the outraged lady seems later to have genuinely fallen in love with him, only to find herself unhesitatingly cast aside when forming an obstacle to the advancement of her husband's fortunes.

In the evening of his long life we find him marrying once more, for the third time, in truly characteristic fashion. A letter was written to Miss Primrose Campbell purporting to come from her dying mother, and requesting her immediate presence at a certain house in Edinburgh. On her arrival she found not her mother but Lovat, who explained that the nature of the house was such that she could not leave it without the stain of ignominy and disgrace unless she married him. Later they were separated, but not before he had obtained his end—an alliance with the powerful family of Argyle.

In 1715 the idea of gathering the clans to a hunting-party and then raising the standard on the Braes of Mar was due to Lovat's fertile brain, whilst, when the expedition failed, he received the chief credit for having brought the disturbance to an end. So throughout his long life, he made both parties serve his own personal advancement.

The following is an example of his readiness in dangerous emergency. Travelling through England while under ban of the government, the incautious tongue of a follower aroused suspicion. The Justice of Northallerton was summoned and the inn surrounded. On the arrival of the official, Lovat welcomed him most warmly as a friend he had not seen for two years; the last time they had met was, if he remembered aright, when he was attending a horse-race in the

neighbourhood with his brother the Duke of Argyle. The unhappy justice completely outwitted, mumbled apologies as best he might. A royal night was spent in pledging loyal toasts, and the justice was carried off to bed.

While lying in the tower awaiting his trial, Lovat used to say that he had never in his life been the worse of drink. The above anecdote would point to this not being entirely due to the merit of abstemiousness. Large quantities of rum and brandy seem to have been consumed during the captivity, but it is said that they were used for bathing his gouty feet. Possibly the warders felt with the Highland innkeeper's lady of a later day, who did not charge for the whisky with which she bathed the sprained ankle of a guest, on the ground that it was "nane the waur."

This sobriety was certainly not inherited by Lovat's son who used to indulge so freely as to bring on fits of mental aberration. On one occasion, when visiting Cluny Castle, he imagined himself a hen hatching a clutch of eggs, and would only leave his carriage twice a day to snatch a hasty meal. The illusion was finally dispelled by the hen-wife scattering broken egg-shells on the floor and placing a brood of chickens on the seat, when the deluded chieftain strutted about crowing and cackling till he chuckled himself into his sane mind again.

After the fatal battle of Culloden Lovat, now an old man of eighty and unable to walk a step, was carried by his devoted followers to the head of Loch Arkaig, and alone, of all Prince Charlie's leaders, he was ready with an ingenious and masterful plan. He suggested raising a standing army of 3000 men to defend the mountain fastnesses, each clan supplying its quota, and changing the men in rotation. He pressed

upon all to sign a band, but true to his character, refused to put his own name to it. He very nearly escaped capture by hiding in a hollow tree on an island in Loch Morar, but was finally taken and carried to London in a litter. On the journey, a young officer with more curiosity than good breeding, determined to have a look at the monster of whom all England was talking. The captive divining his intention pretended to be asleep, snoring loudly. The gallant officer cautiously drew aside the curtains of the litter and peeped in, when suddenly the inmate started up and seized him by the nose, very nearly removing that prominent feature from his face.

The old man conducted his trial with courage and dignity, seasoning his defence with witticisms at the expense of the judges. After receiving the sentence, he proceeded to prepare himself for death without trace of nervousness or anxiety.

As the condemned nobleman was stepping into his carriage, a woman shrieked through the window, "You will have your head chopped off you ugly old Scotch dog." This admitted of a simple and intensified retort. As Lovat sank back on the seat he replied, "I verily believe I shall, you ugly old — —," and for the rest he altered the adjective and gender to suit the nationality and sex of his fair assailant.

His last conquest in the paths of love was the daughter of General Williamson, governor of the tower. This damsel was so much overcome with grief at his fate, that she was unable to support an interview to bid him farewell. "God bless the dear child," quoth the condemned Lord, "and make her eternally happy for she is a good lass."

Some fifteen years earlier, writing to his friend John Forbes of Culloden, he saw in his increasing

infirmities, a trumpet-call to another world; "but I have," he added, "a sort of advantage over you, for if I can but die with a little of my old French belief, I'll get the legions of saints to pray for me, while you will only get a number of drunken fellows, innkeepers and tapster lasses of Inverness." Before his death he professed himself a Catholic, and was attended in his last hours by Fr. Baker, a Franciscan, attached to the Sardinian Chapel.

The crush at his execution was so great that the scaffold fell and a number of people were killed. With a flash of his own fierceness, Lovat exclaimed "The more mischief the better sport."

On mounting the scaffold he felt the edge of the axe, examined the inscription on his coffin, give a handsome donation to the executioner, then true to his colours to the last, quoted the lines of Horace, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

His head was severed at a blow. Thus perished the chief who did more than any of his predecessors to consolidate the power of his house and clan, and whose one regret on leaving Fort-Augustus for the last time was that his bones would be laid to rest in a distant land and that the women of this district—the only one he ever really loved—would be unable to wail the coronach over his grave.

The present Lord, XVII Baron Lovat, who while still a young man has accomplished so much, traces his descent to a more ancient branch, and bids fair to eclipse in loyal service to the Crown, his clan and country, all the brilliant deeds of the chiefs who have gone before him. *Fac sit Deus.*

One other famous figure connected with Kilcumein and the old Fort calls for a word in passing. Roualeyn George Gordon-Cumming, the famous lion-hunter of

sixty years ago, was closely connected with the place. Here it was that he finally erected his museum of magnificent African trophies; when "wanted by the law" the mountain fastnesses by Loch Ness offered him a shelter and a refuge; the last decade of his life was spent beneath the shadow of the Fort, and he died within its walls.

The second son of the Baronet of Altyre, he successively entered the service of the East India Company, the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Company and the Cape Mounted Rifles, but all were given up in turn to satisfy his craving for "the life of the wild hunter." Collecting a few followers he plunged into the heart of Africa and spent five years in the pursuit of every kind of big game. On his return to England he published a book and exhibited his unique collection of skins and trophies at the great Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851. As an immediate result he became famous and was everywhere feted as the "Lion-hunter." Finally he settled at Fort-Augustus in 1858. A contemporary writer says of him: "In appearance he was remarkable for his great height and his massive symmetry of build. With handsome Highland features and the eye of an eagle, he was verily a king of men." He delighted in marked eccentricities of dress and might be seen parading Princes Street in Edinburgh in top-boots, a Gordon tartan kilt with plaid to match fastened by a large brooch, huge shirt frills, surmounted with a brass helmet as a head-piece and quantities of jewels, with silver fish-hooks in his ears. On wet days the whole was secured with a ponderous umberella. At Fort-Augustus he used to meet the tourist steamers with a number of retainers similarly attired in grotesque costume, and, preceded by a magnificent goat, would lead the way to his museum. In warm weather he

discarded this gorgeous raiment and went about clad only in a shirt and stockings. Sometimes his hair was allowed to hang in long ringlets down over his shoulders, and at other times was caught up in a lady's net and fastened with numberless hairpins. Many are the anecdotes still current of his sayings and doings in the district which cannot be related here, but which remain a rich harvest and easily to be obtained for the humorist and the antiquarian. His museum stood at the south-eastern corner of the canal bridge on the piece of ground lying between the road and the Catholic school.

When the Established Church was rebuilt some years ago, the roof of Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming's museum was used to cover it, and the timbers that once enhanced the charms of the lion-hunter and his wild-beast show, now serve as a framework to an honest Presbyterian congregation, and form a setting to the Geneva gown.

We can scarcely close a chapter which has dealt so largely with the horrors of Culloden without mentioning an interesting item that may compensate in some degree to the scientist for the outrages committed by English forces in the name of peace.

The army of engineers, draughtsmen, engravers and others who, at Southampton, are to-day occupied on the Ordnance Survey, owe their origin to Fort-Augustus and the '45. The difficulty of operating in a strange land devoid of roads caused the Duke of Cumberland to set about mapping out the country. The task was committed to General Watson, the Duke's Quartermaster General, with William Roy as understudy. The first maps were never published, but Roy later expanded and perfected the work until it included the whole of the Highlands. Subsequent labours completed

the scheme, and now it embraces every country in Britain. The first base line for triangulation was laid down at Hounslow Heath in 1783. This triangulation was connected with the French survey at Dover, and has been of inestimable value in regard both to land surveying and astronomy, and has resulted in that series of maps which is the envy of every civilised country in the World.

CHAPTER VI

ROUND ABOUT KILCUMEIN

Before taking leave of Fort-Augustus, it may be of assistance to the visitor if we point out a few places of interest in the neighbourhood.

We have already drawn attention to the ancient fortalice that crowns the summit of the little hill on which the Railway Station stands.

Travelling from here westwards along the high-road, we pass a neat little house which is now the parish doctor's residence. This building was erected only a few years since; and on the site which it now occupies, there used to stand a house kept by an old woman known as "Bean a Phriosan" or the "Prisoners' Landlady." This worthy dame had a large empty cellar under the kitchen floor, into which she used to pop all the monied drovers who chanced to pass the way. Here she plied them with the best of whiskey, but none might leave the cellar till he had spent the last penny he had possessed. The charms of this fair Circe must have proved very seductive to the droving fraternity, as she carried on her practices with impunity till a comparatively recent date.

A few paces further on we come to two stones set up one on each side of the road, and engraven with a broad arrow and W.D. These marked the boundaries of the old fort grounds which belonged to the War Department.

In 1866 a mason of the district was offered the old prison-house with the whole of this field stretching away to the canal for £50. By a strange perversity he deemed the ground too expensive, but bought the building materials at a price, and his chance of becoming a wealthy man passed away for ever.

About half-a-mile from here a branch road leads to Kilcumein Cemetery lying in a sheltered corner by the borders of the River Tarff. Though this graveyard was not enclosed till 1796, there is no doubt that it is the site of the original foundation of St. Cumein, and of the ancient parish chapel. The low-lying flats in which it stands formed the "toft and croft" of the incumbent, even after the glebe had been taken away under Malcolm IV. in the twelfth century, and to this day the fields bear the name of the "Minister's Croft."

Scarcely any effect perhaps of the Reformation in the sixteenth century is so lamentable, none so noticeable, as the change of character produced in the Highlands by the introduction of a stern, cold, harsh Calvinism, in the place of the old religion. Nothing could have been more alien from the natural vivacity and light-hearted gaiety of the Celt. All the innocent games, recreations and pastimes were rigorously forbidden; dancing and music were condemned as "inventions of the devil," and those who indulged in them as "limbs of Satan"; even singing and whistling were considered almost as crimes, whilst the fanatical observance of the Sabbath was carried to a pitch that rendered life unendurable.

Mr Carmichael gives a typical example of the methods of the ministers: "A famous violin player," he tells us, "died some years ago in a Highland parish. He was known for his old-style playing and his old-world airs which have died with him. A preacher denounced him: 'Thou art down there behind the door,

thou miserable man with thy grey hairs, playing thy old fiddle with the cold fire without and the devil's fire within.' His family urged the old man to burn his violin and never play again. A pedlar came round and offered ten shillings for the instrument. It had been made by a pupil of Stradivarius, and was famed for its tone. 'It was not the pittance that was obtained for it,' groaned the old man, 'that grieved my heart so sore, but the parting with it. The parting with it for which I myself gave the best cow in my father's fold for it when I was young.' The voice faltered, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, the poor old man never recovered: for some little time he lingered on in misery, then pined away and died."

Nothing can be more unlovely than the frantic endeavours of honest, narrow-minded ministers to produce that character humorously described by Lord Neaves, and now mercifully passing away:—

"We zealots made up of stiff clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly to-day,
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.

We can't of a certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday,
But at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

What though a precept we strain,
Till hateful and hurtful we make it;
What though in pulling the rein,
We may draw it so tight as to break it!

Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For fear they get social and frisky,
But of course they can sit still at home
And get dolefully drunk upon whiskey."

Of the wealth of literature that has perished through misguided theology—who can tell? Songs at the quern; songs when wauking cloth; boat songs; milking songs, with a host of others. The relics which the genius and

unflagging efforts of Mr Carmichael have saved from the wreck, are merely an index to what might have been.

The village of Kilcumein was ever a thorn in the side of the Presbytery. It was at the extreme border of the parish of Abertarff; the district was poor and money scarce. The first few ministers were not a success, and the people were keenly jealous of their liberties. In consequence the ancient Highland customs long survived, and a century ago we find the wife of a minister writing that in the Great Glen "there is a musician in every house, and a poet in every hamlet"; forty years later, "there were few houses in which there was not a violin."

The reason was that the inhabitants were on the best terms with their neighbours of Glengarry and Lochaber, of whom we read in 1746 that they "profess themselves Papists, frequently practise auricular confession, but cannot be persuaded that cattle-lifting is a sin"; and again we read that "Popery lives in the North and Highlands, and possesses in the West Highlands the countries of Keppoch, Glengarry, Abertarff (Kilcumein), etc., etc." This accounts for the piteous entries in the Presbytery Records. One minister of Abertarff reports "that he was so troubled by the Lochaber robbers, that are so numerous and broken out, that scarce had he so much time as to provide a discourse on the Sabbath day," for which mercy his congregation must have been profoundly grateful. Occasionally they broke into the church, turned the worship into ridicule and rendered preaching impossible. One misguided minister obtained an order for a legal glebe. He might have known his people better; at the instigation of his own parishioners "the Irishes broke in and slew him."

Now that these days of bitter strife have passed away, apart altogether from any question of religious controversy, one cannot regret that the numbing influence of Calvinism failed to establish itself in all its gloomy rigour throughout the Glen.

Just outside Kilcumein Cemetery wall there is a rude enclosure of fence stobs now almost fallen to decay. Here lies buried the only son and heir of Archibald Thomas Frederick Fraser of Abertarff the great-grandson of Lord Lovat of the '45. The boy died before his parents, and his father, to "spite the Almighty" at having deprived him of his heir and his family of the estate, had the boy buried outside the hallowed precincts of "God's acre."

About a mile from here we reach Loch Uanagan and see stretching in front of us a long flat moss with a winding stream. It is known as "Leitir na Lub," or the "Hillside of the Meandering Brook." Here it was that in January, 1645, Montrose had pitched his camp, when he received tidings that Argyle had reached Fort-William.

Will any historian or psychologist explain what exactly were the qualities of head and heart that enabled Montrose and Claverhouse to mould the Highlanders into an almost invincible fighting force. Had Prince Charlie had a Graham to command his army in place of Lord George Murray, how different would have been the result of his campaign. But the Fates willed otherwise. None ever accused the Highlanders of cowardice, but their valour was like the impetuous rush of the mountain stream sweeping down their own hillside which spreads out powerless at the foot and sinks noiselessly into the level plain. The two Grahams alone have been able not merely to take advantage of the dash, endurance and unexampled rapidity of marching power, but also to

prevent the clans from slipping off to their homes in the hour of victory or reverse, or at any rate of collecting them as rapidly as they might melt away.

When camped upon the moss in the depths of winter, Montrose's position was almost desperate. Aberdeen and Inverness were strongly held by the Covenanters; Grants and others guarded the Spey; Colonel Baillie with Hurry lay at Perth; whilst at one end of the Great Glen stood the Seaforth army, and at the other Argyle with the Campbells and the Lowland troops. A council of war was called. Montrose, his young son Lord Graham, with Airlie and others signed a band Then, led by Ian Lom, the Keppoch Bard, they marched across the Monadh Liath range to Inverlochy, where they scattered the Campbells and Covenanters to the winds.

Given a fine day in summer, a good walker may still cover the route followed by Montrose; it is something under forty miles, but we must remember that the Highland army accomplished the journey in the winter solstice with deep snow upon the ground, and "dramach" (meal and water) for their best cheer.

Much confusion has been caused regarding Montrose's march, by writers being but imperfectly acquainted with the ground.

Following the road which leads southwards from Loch Uanagan up the hill towards Corrie Arrick, we pass a little knoll, called in Gaelic song, "The Knee of Cuilachy," and in about a mile a little burn is reached. Here, instead of pursuing General Wade's road, we follow the stream through the tiny glen upon our right, and traversing the heathery flats, we enter the great pass known as the "Larig Mhor" which leads into Glen Turrit and Glen Roy. For good walkers this is a most interesting excursion, and affords opportunity

of seeing the world-famed parallel roads of Glen Roy. It is possible now to drive most of the way, and a pony may be ridden almost the entire distance.

If, instead of taking Montrose's route, we keep along General Wade's road to Corrie Arrick a little further, we come to Prince Charlie's dining-table. It consists of a rough trench cut round a small green hillock.

Here, whilst their army halted on the flats, Prince Charlie and his officers had their meal when hastening across the Corrie to meet the English force under command of Sir John Cope.

Some way further on, just where the road slopes up to the last ascent towards the summit of the range, we come to a rich green strath sweeping down to the River Tarff. Here it was that the people of Kilcumein used to pitch their summer shielings. These shielings were small huts made of sods with a rude covering of boughs and turf. For some four months or so during the summer and early autumn the entire population would migrate from the lower valley to these abodes, and while the cattle cropped the lush summer grass on the mountain side, the inhabitants would lay in a store of cheese and dairy produce against the long cold winter months. The green strath is still known as "Laggan a Bhainne," or the "Dairy Glade."

On the opposite bank of the river Tarff we see a large black rock jutting out into the middle of the stream. On the top of this boulder, as the water swirled away in foam beneath his feet, the piper took his stand and played throughout the live-long summer night, when the sun scarce sets at all, whilst the youths and maidens merrily footed it on the springy turf and the older folk looked on and encouraged them with their applause.

At the head of this glade, hard by the spot at

which Wade's old bridge used to span the stream, stand the ruins of a house. Here it was that Trappaud, Governor of Fort Augustus, established a "mechanical man versant in the raising of garden crops," and who had been particularly successful in growing cabbage, to provide a supply for the hungry wayfarer coming across the pass of Corrie Arrick. The distinguished gardener of to-day would scarcely appreciate such a recognition of his merit.

A picturesque road leads back from here to Fort-Augustus along the bottom of the glen, but there is no right of way, and the path may not be used without permission.

Another walk, not without interest, may be taken by passing through the little village on the further bank of the River Oich. Following the road that leads from the station down the hill, we may note that the first block of buildings after what is the present "Douglas Hotel," is known as the "Old King's Inn." Although repaired and renovated, the walls are substantially the same as when it was first built as an hotel in the early days of General Wade's roads. Many and strange are the deeds of blood and lawlessness that this house has witnessed. Lady Grange with her weird escort passed close by its walls on her way to her long imprisonment in the Outer Isles. Here it was that, for an imaginary insult offered at table to his master, Glengarry's henchman tried to blow out the brains of an English officer. Here also Dunachadh Mor a Bhochain, the famous Glengarry seer, whose prophecies are still well-known in the district, met an antagonist and continued a combat, interrupted some thirty years before at the sack of San Sebastian. Exactly one hundred years ago, too, this humble hostelry saw a notable incident that throws a curious side-light on

the manners and customs of the time. The last chief of Glengarry, mentioned in a previous chapter, had a grudge against a member of the Clan who was acting as doctor in the Fort, and on a market day came with his "tail" of five or six stout clansmen to seek for vengeance. After generous treatment at the hands of their chief, these devoted followers set upon the doctor with clubs and bludgeons as he passed the Inn. But the medico, besides being a bit of a pugilist, was an extraordinarily powerful man, and placing his back against the low wall opposite, defied the united efforts of the band till at last one of them climbed up the bank behind and showered down upon his head a savage hail of blows with the loaded handle of a heavy riding crop. The doctor was stunned, but in falling, caught the "queue" of one of the leaders of the troop, and held it with so firm a grasp that the man was only freed by his brother severing the pig-tail with his knife. Luckily the alarm had been raised, and the guard of the Fort turned out in time to save the doctor's life.

Alas! for Glengarry, the arm of the law, though impotent enough, was longer than fifty years before, and the Chief had to pay £2000 as compensation for this escapade—truly an enormous sum in those days for a case of mere assault and battery.

The victim of this outrage was popularly known as the "Doctor Cranachan," from his connection with a noteworthy family of athletes in Lochaber, whose farm bears this name. These six famous giants will long be remembered in the country as the embodiment of all that is best in a sportsman and a Highlander. The hospitality of their roof-tree was proverbial even for a Highland home, while the tale of their feats of strength is endless. In the Highland games at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, they carried all before them, and an

old man in Glen Roy used to relate how, when crippled with rheumatism and attacked by a bull, he owed his life to one of the redoubtable brothers who bravely grappled the bull by the horns and flung it on its back. Even while these pages are being run through the press, the last of this magnificent band of brothers has passed away, and they all sleep side by side under the green sod of the lone hill-side, and the wind sighs its last lament through the sombre pines that surround their graves in the little church-yard of St. Kerrell.

At the bottom of the brae, the delapidated building overgrown with ivy, has recently figured in the Royal Academy as the subject of a picture by a well-known artist, and both this and the unpretentious half-timbered cottage opposite were for long the residence of close relations of Sir Robert Peel.

On the extreme end of the little tongue of land running out between the River Oich and the canal stands a group of houses. The one next the loch is probably the oldest building in Fort-Augustus, and was erected for the Commandant of the Government galley which used to ply up and down the loch. The lot of the Commandant—Mark Gwynn—and his family was cast in singularly adverse times. After serving in the navy for seventy years he was finally drowned in a storm on Loch Ness, and almost in the same year his two sons, also serving in the navy, lost their lives by the sinking of their vessels, and the family was reduced to great straits. Mrs Grant of Laggan, the well-known authoress, who had herself received a pension through the good offices of Sir Walter Scott, was instrumental in obtaining assistance from the Government for this deserving family.

It is interesting to note that a vessel was first launched on Loch Ness under the Commonwealth by

Cromwell's soldiers, and was known as the "Highland Galley." A most amusing account of this vessel may be read in Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston." This ship and its successors continued to ply up and down the loch till the opening of the canal. The guns of the last Fort galley now adorn the mansion of the Laird of Grant at Invermoriston.

The long low building next the Commandant's residence used to form the brewery of the Fort, and in the adjoining shed, which now serves as a coach-house, stood the oven wherein was baked the bread for the soldiers' use. Needless to say, this was in the days before the canal was cut, and there were no dividing waters between the Fort and this patch of land.

By the corner of the bridge across the Oich stands another stone marking the northern limit of the Government possessions. The bridge itself, originally a fine stone structure, was swept away by the floods of 1849, which was so destructive of property in the North, and which carried away, amongst other land-marks, the historic stone bridge of Inverness.

The village on the northern river-bank, now known as Bun Oich, was founded about 1779 by Fraser of Culduthel, and was, in consequence, known at first as Baile Friseil or Frasertown. This Fraser envied the prosperity of the cottars settled under the shadow of the Fort, and was anxious to secure similar advantages for the members of his own clan, and the preponderance of the name in this township to this day still bears witness to its origin. Till quite a recent date the keenest rivalry existed between the two communities. It is said that shortly after the opening of the railway, an English lady who had lost her waterproof, asked a porter at the pier if he had seen a black mackintosh anywhere

"The Dairy Glen," Fort-Augustus. (See p. 86)

about. "Na, Na," was the brusque response, "there's na Black Mackintoshes here; we're a' Red Frasers on this side of the water."

The hill upon our right, after crossing the Oich, is known as Battery Rock. Here it was that Brigadier Stapleton, with his Irish Picquets and a detachment of Lord Drummond's regiment, opened a trench and placed their artillery on 3rd March, 1746. In a very short while they were successful in blowing up the powder magazine, and after two days the garrison surrendered to Prince Charlie.

On the little eminence directly above the present board school the trenches opened by the Highlanders can still be seen, and the emplacements of the cannon are marked by the iron pins driven into the rock, now overgrown with moss and heather.

Immediately in front of this hill there was another, of similar height, but it was quarried away and the stone used for the construction of the canal.

From the summit of Battery Rock we get a fine view of the Abbey and the remnants of the ancient Government buildings. Mrs Grant whose early years were spent in America, and whose father—MacVicar—was barrack-master for many years, notes a striking resemblance in the situation of the place to that of Manhattan. A glance at the maps preserved in the British Museum proves the truth of the remark, though to the eye of the casual observer the unprecedented growth of the greatest city and shipping harbour of the New World has obliterated all trace of the likeness.

After the Battle of Culloden the English Army had very summary methods of dealing with the Highlanders who might fall into their hands, numbers of prisoners and others being shot with little or no pretence of

justice. A few years ago a large number of bodies were found where we now see a large statue standing in a clump of shrubs in front of the Abbey windows. Evidently the men had been platooned and their bodies flung hastily into a shallow trench. Buttons of their kilt doublets are still preserved. Whilst the Abbey was being built and the grounds laid out, remains of bodies were found in other places round about the Fort, but in this we have no shadow of proof, as some would have us think, that there was ever any recognised burying-ground, other than the little cemetery of St. Cumein, in the loop of the River Tarff.

On the east of Battery Rock the ground slopes down gently to the borders of the loch. The soil is a heavy clay, and we see here the remains of the old brick field, which afforded material for the construction of the Fort. Experts tell us that the brick-work of this Government fabric was magnificently executed, very different from anything seen now in our day of cheap and rapid building.

Beyond the railway pier a spit of grassy land known as "An Lios Mor" or "The Great Garden" runs out into the loch. Part of the surrounding wall with the ruins of a large house and some graves are still visible. Beyond this again, lying in the centre of the bay, is a tiny island marked on the map as Cherry Island, but always known in Gaelic as "Eilean Mhurich," "Maurice's Islet." There is a romantic story in connection with the place which, in its main outline, is historically true, though conflicting traditions render the details somewhat obscure. The island in question is artificial, the wooden piles on which it was constructed being easily discernible. It was built by the Frasers as a fort, and used to be considerably larger, but during the formation of the canal, Loch

Ness was raised nine feet, so much of the fort is now beneath the water.

According to the Fraser tradition the tale runs as follows:—A chieftain of Glengarry fell madly in love with Lovat's daughter, and his affections were reciprocated; but owing to a deadly feud between the clans, the Fraser Chief would not hear of an alliance. One day the lady came to Kilcumein and put up in the castle. News of her arrival having been noised abroad, Glengarry, with his "tail," which of course included the inevitable piper, hastened to press his suit. When they arrived at the garden opposite the island, the lady implored the keeper of the castle to let them in, and after a brief parley, he consented to admit Glengarry, but without his men. The Chief hastily cast himself into the water and swam out to the door. Here he found the steps covered with the skin of a newly-killed sheep—the remains of the Fraser banquet—turned inside out. Whilst he was endeavouring to scramble out of the water over the slippery hide, one of the Frasers, thinking to curry favour with his master, treacherously stabbed him in the back. This was the signal for the neighbouring folk to fall upon the ill-fated chieftain's retainers, seven of whom were slain. Glengarry's mutilated body was flung into the Inchnacardoch burn, where it was subsequently found and taken to Auchterawe. The corpses of his seven followers were buried in the green garden, where the outlines of their graves may be traced.

Unfortunately, documentary evidence does not make for the truthfulness of this tale. Not merely was Glengarry at this time married and blessed with a family, but the lady in question was a close relative of his own.

The Macdonald version is more probable, that Glen-

garry was invited down to discuss a disputed point with regard to some lands and treacherously slain. This much is certain that the Chief was done to death, and in punishment for the crime, the king condemned Lovat to forfeit all the lands from "Alt na Criche," the burn on the east of Cherry Island, to Auchterawe, whilst the descendants of Thomas Fraser who struck the treacherous blow are still numerous in the district, and are known to this day as "Sliochd Thomais nam Murt" or the "Off-spring of Thomas the Murderer." The original pathway to the castle started from a point due north of the island, two stones at the margin of the loch mark its commencement, and on a clear day, in a boat, those interested in such things may trace its course beneath the waters of the lake.

On the hill above the bay, some few hundred yards beyond the high-road, there is an ancient lead mine or rather quarry. About seventy years ago this industry was vigorously prosecuted, but an accident having occurred in which the manager lost his life, and at the same time the value of deer forests coming to be realised, the proprietors closed the works and all further lease was refused.

Everywhere along this green hill-face we are met by the ruins of a departed civilisation, houses, a mill, cattle-folds, gardens, fields, relics all of a once numerous population who have been driven to seek their fortunes beyond the sea.

Returning to Fort-Augustus by the high-road, directly opposite the first mile-stone, we pass a ruined cottage. Here it was that the first rat known in the district was killed. It was long before these chisel-toothed invaders of our larders made their way into the heart of the Highlands. Probably there was little to attract them. A century ago Sir Robert Gordon, writing of

Badenoch, tells us that "the district is perfectly free from rats, and that if any are brought into the country they presently die as soon as they smell the air of the district, which is curious" (sic). Starvation had no doubt more to do with this than any peculiarity of climate, and certain it is that we cannot in our day claim a like immunity from the ravages of these domestic pests. Captain Burt oddly enough tells us that the Highland ponies were largely responsible for the spread of the ubiquitous rodent, the shelties' tails affording them a warm and comfortable lodging. To those who have seen the shaggy matted tails of the wild ungroomed pony this will not seem so impossible as at first sight it might appear.

The neighbourhood of the new golf course is also not without its points of interest.

From the Railway Station, crossing the canal, we keep westwards along the bank to the path which leads to the ferry across the river. At the back of the little club-house rises a mound crowned by a knot of trees. The mound itself is manifestly a relic of the glacial period, but when engaged upon the military road the soldiers utilised it as a camp. From here the old military highway to Glenelg and the West Coast wends its way across the hill. Now long disused, this track is little better than a water course, but just where it rounds the shoulder on the first ascent, we find three great boulders standing by the roadside. Here, in olden times, marriages were celebrated, and the sacrament of baptism administered. One stone was used for baptism, another for marriage, while on the third the minister took his stand when addressing the happy couple. In the three stones was contained a covert allusion to the Blessed Trinity.

The reason for this arrangement is explained by the Presbytery records. As said before, the people of Kilcumein did not take kindly to the reformed religion. The first minister and exhorter of sorts met with scant courtesy from the natives. Later we find a Robert Munro solemnly invested with "sacred Bible and the keys of the church doors, &c." The ceremony had doubtless a deep esoteric meaning, but to the uninitiated it must appear a work of supererogation, not to say "an empty form," since but a few months earlier, Munro's predecessor defended himself to the Presbytery for not celebrating the sacred sacrament, on the ground "that he had not a kirk to celebrate it in, except he should celebrate it in the open fields, yet the kirk was fallen." This Munro seems to have been a bit of a controversialist, and was encouraged in his zeal by the Presbytery who exhorted him to study the "Popish controversies that he may be able to convince gain-sayers and reclaim the ignorant." His efforts do not seem to have met with success, as we find him complaining bitterly of the "many defections from the reformed religion in Abertarff, owing to the proximity of Catholic Glengarry." Next year the insufficient nature of his installation ceremony seems to have distressed him sorely, and he complains that he has no edifice since the church fell "to put delinquents in for public repentance." The bridge, too, is ruinous, and there is no ferry-boat on the water of Oriach (Oich). With this genial controversialist holding such advanced views on public penance, it is small wonder that the Highlanders preferred to be married and baptized on their own side of the water, with their foot upon the native heath of their free hill-side, rather than within four bare walls, and under lock and key and Bible of the Presbyterian incumbent.

Hard by the burn, at the extreme end of the plain on which the golf course is laid out, there is a little cemetery dedicated to Saint Molua, called Kilmalomaig. We may note in passing that church-yards in the Highlands were almost invariably placed by the side of the running water. This Luath or Molluath was another of the early Irish missionaries who crossed over to this country in the wake of St. Columba. He established his headquarters at Lismore, but has left plentiful traces of his missionary labours up and down the Great Glen. In times gone by, there was a church here beside the burying-ground, but now all trace of it has disappeared. Even within the memory of man, this was the centre of a densely-populated district; a number of little townships being scattered over the plain, till on the east they came in contact with the Inchnacardoch holdings.

Perhaps the most interesting spot in the enclosure is the grave in the north-west angle of the wall, marked by a little mound, but without tombstone of any kind. Here lies buried Allan Macranald of Lundy, a notorious riever of the Glengarry sept, and popularly known as "Allan of the Red Shirt." His misdeeds are almost endless, both in number and variety. Towards the end of his life, in the days of his failing strength, he is said to have paid a mason to construct a mysterious hiding-place for him at Loch Lundy, the secret of which was to be revealed to none. The mason successfully performed his task and presented himself to Allan for payment. The Red-Shirt hero having satisfied himself that the workman had faithfully performed his trust, struck off his head and flung the body in the loch, quietly remarking that a secret can never be safely kept if known to more than one.

But the blackest of all Allan's crimes is one which

—to be Irish—he never committed at all. For years and years there has been a well-known tradition through the Highlands, accepted without demur, and which historians have vied with one another in describing with a wealth of graphic detail. This was Allan's famous Kilchrist raid. We have heard how the godless outlaw, not merely swept into the Mackenzie country, carrying off every head of cattle, but how, when his enemies were attending church on Sunday, he impiously closed the doors and fired the building, consuming the minister with his entire congregation, his piper, the while, playing a pibroch round the blazing building. The very tune invented for the occasion has come down to us in the present day.

We have also heard how the Mackenzies rallied to the pursuit, and not only slew Lundy's followers, but would have killed Allan himself had it not been for his miraculous leap across a burn at Invermoriston, where the fleetest of his pursuers tried to follow, but failing to obtain a footing upon the further bank clung to a branch over a yawning chasm, whilst Allan coolly turned and cut the bough, hurling his adversary into the abyss beneath. Then we are told how he flung himself into Loch Ness, swam to the further side, and entered the house of one of his bitterest enemies. The woman, seeing his sad plight, said he should have the best she could afford, even if he were Allan of the Red Shirt himself.

Now, after all these years, a town clerk of the capital of the Highlands has proved beyond all doubt that the whole story is a colossal fabrication. The minister who is supposed to have been roasted survived for many a year, to threaten the self same congregation with a like fate, and to preach a vigorous crusade against Macranald and his band of robbers.

To face p. 99. THE FALLS OF THE MORISTON, INVERMORISTON.

It would seem that Donald Gregory, in his History of the Western Highlands was the first to give a colour of authority to the story.

A little to the south of St. Molua's Churchyard, a steep bare rock rises abruptly from the level ground. On its summit was built one of those famous vitrified forts whose origin has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and which have proved such a fruitful source of unavailing discussion to the antiquarian. Even those who have no ambition to settle the dispute will find the top well worth a visit on account of the view, if for no other reason.

From here we may afford ourselves a pleasant walk by returning along the river-bank.

Before quitting Fort-Augustus, there is one more place of interest which may be reached either by boat or road. This is a curious chasm in the hill-side on the south of the loch just beyond Glendoe shooting lodge, and which is known as Corrie's Cave.

Corrie, like many another Highland worthy, whose memory has been handed on to us, was a famous sheep-stealer, thief and cattle-lifter. Many exploits have no doubt been fathered on him for which he was in no way responsible; but there is one authentic act of his which has caused the association of this cave with his name—the attempt upon the life of the Duke of Cumberland.

Following the road which leads towards Strath Errick, before crossing the wooden bridge across the Tarff, we see on our right the low-lying fields in which Cumberland encamped after the Battle of Culloden, and which still bear the name of "The Camp Farm." After a mile or so the road turns eastwards up the brae. This is General Wade's military road, and like many other military highways, is constructed

with a disregard of gradient that makes the blood of the modern engineer run cold. The climb is stiff, but is amply repaid in the magnificent view that breaks upon our sight at the summit of the hill.

About half-a-mile further on, after crossing the second bridge, a path runs down along the stream-side and leads us to the cave. It was just beside the bridge that Corrie made his attempt to assassinate the Duke.

Directly after the battle of Culloden, Cumberland marched his army to Kilcumein, and took up his headquarters at Fort Augustus. It occurred to some of the inhabitants that if only the "Bloody Butcher" could be got rid of, there would be no difficulty in dealing with the rest of the English Army. Corrie being a well-known raider, and skilled in the use of arms, undertook to do the deed.

The road at that time took a slightly different course, and a person placed near the corner of the bridge commanded a long straight stretch before him. Here a little trench was dug and Corrie took up his position. A mighty charge of powder was poured into the blunderbuss, and then "she" was crammed almost to the muzzle with pieces of lead, rusty nails and pieces of scrap-iron, such as the heart of a poacher loves. Then the weapon was adjusted in the fork of a tree. Unfortunately for the success of his enterprise, Corrie, in his predatory expeditions, had never fallen in with regular troops. The steady tramp of the soldiers, the rattle of their accoutrements and the prancing steeds, took him by surprise, and when the Duke came clattering past on his charger the unwonted sight completely destroyed the poacher's nerve. He missed his aim and fled, hotly pursued by the soldiers to this cave.

Beyond the entrance none dared to follow, as one man here might defy the efforts of an army. So a guard was placed at the mouth of the cavern and the rest of the soldiers passed on to Fort Augustus. In view, however, of possible contingencies, Corrie had carefully provisioned the cavern, and all endeavours to capture him proved fruitless. Henceforward the retreat became his home, and he abode there till his last illness, when his friends smuggled him into the village where he died. Two or three years ago his grand-daughter—a very old woman—was still living in the district.

The cave would seem to be the result of earthquakes, and Sir A. Geikie's theory of the geology of the Glen bears this out. It is singular that when earthquakes occur in other parts of Europe, tremors are more frequently felt in the Great Glen than in any other part of Scotland. Thus we find that year by year there are changes in the shape and form of Corrie's Cave, and its inmost recesses have never yet been thoroughly explored.

A pleasant return journey may be made by scrambling down to the water and taking a boat across the lake.

Loch Ness, the largest body of fresh water in the British Isles, appears from the very earliest times to have been largely utilised as a water-way both for business and pleasure. From the eighteenth century, when we find General Wade building the "Highland Galley" at Fort-Augustus, to the days when Cromwell launched his famous frigate on its waters, and still further back to the dim mists of the times of the Celtic missionaries, when we hear of St. Columba sailing up Loch Ness against the wind, there is constant mention of boating on the lake. The visitor of to-day cannot do better than follow the example of the Ancients, and, availing himself

of the increased facilities which science, more or less modern, has placed at his disposal, make a trip down the loch.

Invermoriston opens up a beautiful glen, which, on account of its magnificent scenery and exquisite colouring, is in high repute amongst artists, who of late years have thronged the glen in great numbers. Besides its natural beauty the glen is full of historic interest and teems with sites connected with noteworthy or romantic incidents of the past. It was the scene of the exploits of the famous band known as the "Seven Men of Glenmoriston," who, after Culloden, bound themselves by solemn compact never to lay down their arms or make peace with the "Elector of Hanover" and his Government. Their homes had been burned and their lands destroyed, so they took up their abode in a cave still shown on the mountain side. Again and again they cut off convoys of provisions or drove away parties of red-coats who were devastating the glen, and when Prince Charlie passed through the cordon of soldiers who had encircled him in the West, these brave mountaineers became his bodyguard—his privy council he was pleased to call them—and whilst protecting him from the search parties of the enemy, for three weeks they supplied him with the best hospitality their simple cave afforded. Their loyalty to the unfortunate fugitive manifested itself in many touching incidents. One of the band used to go daily in disguise to the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus and try to procure news and what cheer he might from the Saxon Camp, and though their poverty was such that on one occasion we read of their bringing back the choicest dainty they had ever seen—a pennyworth of gingerbread—yet the idea of obtaining the £30,000, offered

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for the capture of him whom they were guarding never for an instant crossed their mind. In return for their hospitality Prince Charlie reproved them for the habit of swearing to which they were very much addicted, and which at his exhortation they immediately gave up. When the prince finally made his escape one of the band grasped him by the hand, and then in token of his unbounded devotion and affection never offered his right hand to man or woman after.

Glenmoriston, too, was the scene of the tragic death of Roderick Mackenzie, a travelling merchant who bore a striking resemblance to Prince Charlie. At the time when the pursuit was hottest a troop of soldiers came up with Mackenzie, and, mistaking him for the Royal Fugitive, riddled him with bullets. As he fell the brave lad cried out: "Villains, you have murdered your Prince!" With great rejoicings the soldiers cut off his head and carried it to Fort Augustus. A prisoner who was asked to identify the features purposely gave colour to the report, and Cumberland departed in triumph for London, carrying the head of his supposed adversary with him. The respite thus afforded him, enabled Prince Charlie to elude his pursuers and reach a haven of safety. A cairn by the roadside marks the spot where the merchant fell, and quite recently a sword, doubtless Mackenzie's, was dug up beside it.

Dr Johnson and Boswell have also left marks of their footsteps in the glen, for it was when spending the night at Aonach that the great lexicographer was surprised no less by the culture and literary tastes of his host than by the good looks and lady-like bearing of his daughter, to whom as a keepsake, not without a weird sense of humour surely, he presented a copy of "Cocker's Arithmetic."

Space does not permit us even to touch upon the

other manifold points of interest in this valley, but those who take more than a passing interest in the subject will find most valuable matter in W. Mackay's volume, *Urquhart and Glenmoriston*.

At Foyers the beauty of the district has been sadly impaired by the erection of the Aluminium works, but the immediate neighbourhood of the famous falls still remains unchanged, and except in times of drought is well worthy of a visit.

At Temple Pier we come into closer connection with the East Coast, and the ruined walls of Urquhart Castle standing out gaunt and gray upon their promontory at the entrance to the glen reminds us that this district was connected not only with the Highlanders and their feuds, but with the great historic movements of the South.

As the steamer bears us away from this central district of the Highlands it is impossible even for the most prejudiced stranger not to feel some spark of admiration for the brave clansmen who displayed such whole-hearted loyalty and chivalrous devotion to the Stuart cause, whilst every true Highlander, when considering these later days and the times of his youth, with manners and customs all too rapidly passing away, must profess himself,

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI, SE PUERO.